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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

OCTOBER  A
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THE TRAVELING SALESMAN

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

OCT., 1960
VOL. 4, NO. 3

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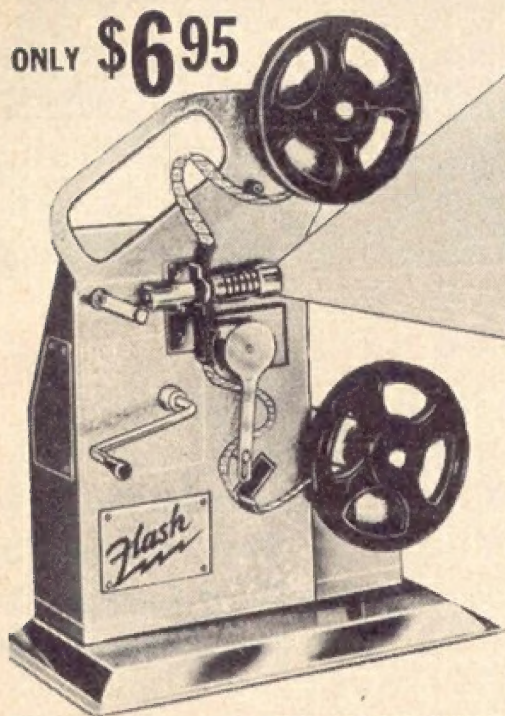
ACE MAGAZINE, Vol. 4, No. 3, October, 1960 issue. Published bi-monthly by Four Star Publications Incorporated, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Price per copy 50c. Subscriptions \$3.00 per year of six issues. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N.Y. Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Canton, Ohio. Not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts and/or photographs. Advertising Representatives, Jack Blagman, Inc., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. Printed in U.S.A.



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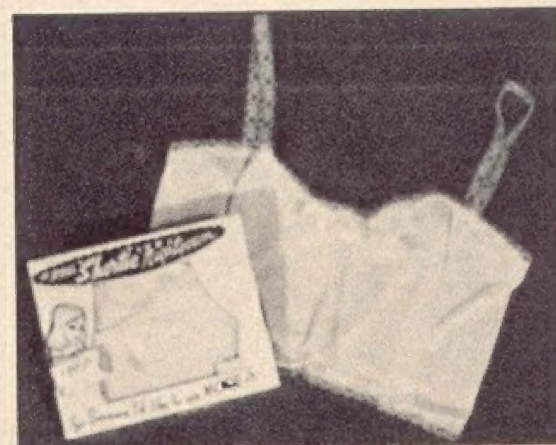
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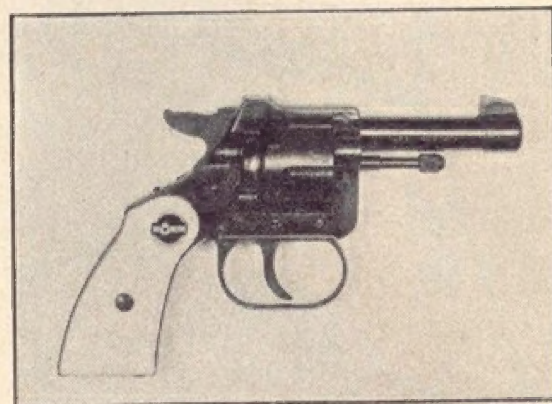
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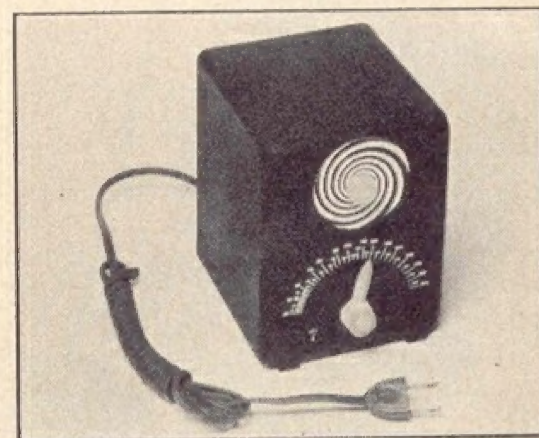
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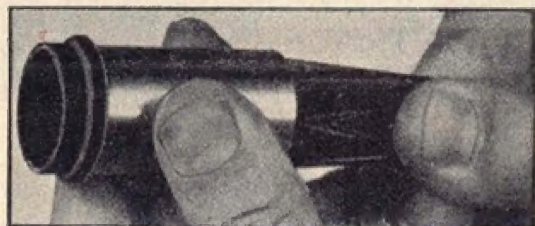


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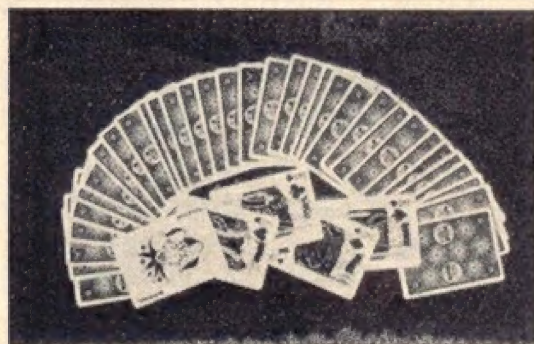
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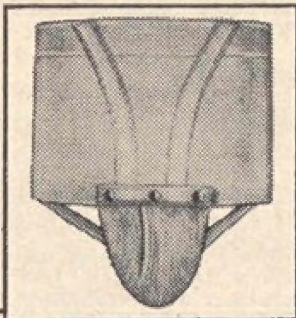
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Ace-High

BY SAM BREWER

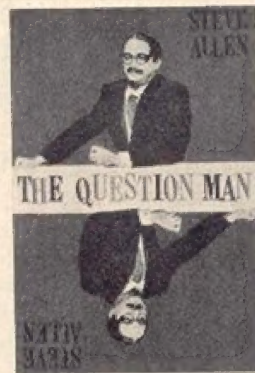
BOOKS AND RECORDS

WORKIN' WITH THE MILES DAVIS QUINTET (Prestige) features this top-flight five: Miles himself on trumpet, John Coltrane on tenor sax, Red Garland on piano, Paul Chambers on bass, and "Philly" Joe Jones on drums. In a session that swings from hot to cool, bright to blue, the quintet demonstrates the cohesiveness that makes for non-gimmicky versatility. The soft and pretty "It Never Entered My Mind" contrasts right with the bright "In Your Own Sweet Way" and the driving, almost frantic, "Half Nelson." A fine demonstration of jazz workin' at a high point.

BILLY TAYLOR UPTOWN (Riverside) is a live recording of the sparkling Billy Taylor Trio at an uptown New York jazz cafe called *The Prelude*. The three, Taylor on piano, Henry Grimes on bass and Ray Mosca on drums, exercise their melodic flights of fancy that have become a welcome Taylor trademark. Spontaneous exuberance best characterizes the quality of the Taylor sound—a quality that is captured and held on this disc.

THE FABULOUS JOSEPHINE BAKER (RCA Victor) is a record that must produce nostalgia, wonder and loving admiration for a singer who has made herself a legend. In 1925, as the star of "Revue Nègre," Miss Baker brought American jazz to Paris to stay. In that revue, the first American Negro jazz troupe to be seen in Paris, she created an instant sensation, and was credited with inspiring the Parisian mania for "le jazz hot." She remained in Paris at the Folies-Bergère, later toured and conquered the rest of

Europe with her distinctive, smoky style of singing and her statuesque, glamorous stage presence. In 1959 she made something of a comeback (although she had never really been gone) in a revue called "Paris Mes Amours." This record includes some of the wonderful hits from that revue, as well as some of her all-time record hits. A must!



THE QUESTION MAN, by Steve Allen (Bernard Geis Associates) is dedicated to a new form of joke where the straight man first answers the quiz-show type question, and then the funny man (in this case, an eminently funny man called Steve Allen) answers it. Some illustrations: "The Answer: One if by land and two if by sea. The Question: How many Miltowns should you take when traveling?" "The Answer: Blood—sweat—and tears. The Question: Name three things that Energine will remove." That should be enough. Profusely and madly illustrated.

TRAPS, by Friedrich Duerrenmatt (Alfred A. Knopf) is a novella by the brilliant author of the Broadway success, "The Visit." It is a harsh, penetrating tale of a man who is forced, in a night of grim fantasy and all too real irony, to account for his actions for the first time in his life. A simple theme, an amazingly imaginative plot, so subtly and beautifully written that one cannot help but class Duerrenmatt with the finest contemporary writers, Kafka-like in his ability to extract the most vivid reality from a dream-like situation. This book is one of Knopf's Borzoi Originals, paperbacks well worth their \$1.25 tag.

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A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR

BY CONNIE SELLERS

There are many things to do on a luxury liner, but on a French ship, one activity takes precedence over all others. And the French handle it with such finesse!

THE *Fontainebleu* was luxurious, didn't roll much, carried many female passengers—still Brad Mil-don wished he'd taken another ship.

Any other ship, British, banana boat, anything. French or not, for in the high seas romance department, the *Fontainebleu* was batting zero. Fine thing—two days out of New York, and still re-reading *Lolita*. Asleep in the deep, or on it; same business.

And watching the lush Yvonne Deschamps undulate through the lounge, or cavort in the pool wearing an eye-popping whisper of a Bikini.

Brad checked on her the first night out. *Madame* Deschamps, the steward accentuated, with a husband floating about; a rich one, but miserly.

Which guy was the husband, Brad didn't know. The man didn't sit in poker games, didn't invest in the daily mileage pool, didn't even lift a couple at the bar. He sunned himself, the steward said. With a wife like that, he sunned himself.

So much for the highly-touted French Line. Glamor, mystery, romance—all on the travel posters. He should have paddled across the ocean on a life raft. At least, he wouldn't have been frustrated by the plush rhythm of *Madame* Des-

champs tick-tocking across the deck in tight white shorts.

So he concentrated on the nightly poker sessions, playing a close-to-the-vest brand that brought a small, but steady stream of pots his way. The faces at the table were usually the same—two Frenchmen, a Britisher homeward-bound, and another vacationing American.

During the day, odd-man-out, Brad wandered the decks, glowering at the sea, at merry and attached girls playing shuffleboard. He ended in the bar, morosely sipping a drink. His first trip to Europe was a big fat bust.

The steward eased up to his elbow, ever-present towel folded over one arm. "M'sieu?"

Brad grunted. His sparkling repartee had left him when he found all the females on the ship were married.

"If you have a moment?" the steward murmured.

"I've got a moment," Brad said. "I have a long, monotonous string of moments. They're all alike, so take your pick."

The steward edged closer. "You are bored, then?"

"A mild word," Brad said.

"Perhaps I can help."

Brad peered at the man. "Dominoes, pinochle, a hornpipe?"

"Adventure, perhaps," the steward said.

Brad swallowed his drink. "Say on."

"Understand, sir — a respectable ship. I—I am unaccustomed to such things. But there are circumstances—"

"You're beating about the bush," Brad said, "or whatever takes its place on a ship."

"Pardon?"

"So okay. Explain your adventure."

The steward glanced around the near-deserted bar. "A lady wishes money, m'sieu. She has a miserly husband."

"Madame Deschamps," Brad said.

"Ah—then you have noticed her?"

"Ah — I said I was bored; not blind."

"A sad and lonely woman, m'sieu, one who needs money of her own. She commissioned me to approach you."

Brad signalled for a refill, and waited until the barkeep took himself back to glass-polishing. So the lush Yvonne had picked Brad Mil-don? It would serve her Scrooge husband right. This was more like it—romance with the added spice of danger.


He asked the steward a question. The apologetic answer jolted him a bit. It seemed that *Continued p. 72*

Presenting the hair-raising story

of voluptuous Pat Gregory, an adventurous lass who

can't make up her mind which way to dye!

WHICH WAY TO TURN?



REVERSING the trend, top glamor model Pat Gregory has switched her tresses from blonde to brunette—albeit with some trepidation. “I’m not quite sure myself,” she admits, “which way is best. They say that gentlemen prefer blondes, but I haven’t noticed any lessening in the attention they pay to me since I’ve switched to the dark side. On the other hand, although brunettes are supposed to photograph better, I never had any shortage of modeling assignments as a yellow-top. There are advantages to both colors, but as far as doing anything permanent is concerned, I’m just not sure which way to turn. I guess I’ll just switch back and forth until something makes up my mind for me.” Pat’s indecision is echoed by the photographers she works for and by the editors who use her pictures. She looks so darned appealing either way! Up at ACE, the pros and cons were tossed back and forth with those in favor of her being a blonde lining up against the pro-brunette men until the argument became so heated that the editor decided to settle it by presenting her both ways and letting the readers decide. ●



Curls on the dark side are easier to adapt to whatever happens to be the current style in hairdressing, Pat claims.



Another advantage is that in having reverted to her natural curl color, she won't have to have weekly touch-ups.



Still, there was a feeling of luxuriousness that seemed to go along with being a blonde—a kind of justifiable languor that Pat misses.

And when she first dyed to be a gold-top, Pat found that it did wonders towards increasing her self-confidence and developing her poise.



She also believes that as a brunette she can be just as glamorous as she was when she wore bright golden tresses.



She debated with herself for quite awhile before deciding to abandon her blonde tresses in favor of her naturally ebony hair-color. The change-back might have had an affect on her modeling career.



Pat will stay a brunette for a while, although she admits she's open to other opinions on whether or not to tint tresses. "Sometimes," she says, "I think I'll settle the whole thing by turning redhead!"



MAVENT

Woeful indeed are those
farmers' daughters since the
Knights of the Road took
to traveling by jet and wooing
beauties of the big city!

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE

“...So the farmer said to the traveling salesman: ‘You can spend the night here, but you’ll have to sleep with the baby.’ The salesman answered: ‘No thank you. I’d rather sleep in the barn.’ Next morning, when he woke up all full of hayseed, he went to the farmhouse and there he saw the most beautiful doll he had ever laid eyes on.

“‘Who are you?’ he asked, and the girl said: ‘Why, they call me Baby. And who are you?’ ‘Me,’ the salesman said, ‘I’m the biggest damfool in the world!’”

Maybe it doesn’t sound very funny today, but 30 or 40 years ago it was guaranteed to get howls.

In fact, if you were to tell that story today to a young fellow, most likely he’d say: “How corny can you get? And what’s a salesman doing out in the country when everybody knows all the big purchasing offices are in the cities?”

Such a reaction is an accurate commentary on the sad state to which the once-fabled traveling salesman has sunk. In his time the most colorful character in American commercial life, he has — alas! — passed into the area of misty mythology, along with the frontiersman, the medicine man and the Prohibition bootlegger.

A couple of generations ago, the traveling salesman was the most potent force in business, the man who sold all the stuff that kept all the factories buzzing. As floating representative of the big manufacturers in New York and Chicago, he called on merchants in cities large and small all over the country, stocking their shelves with his employers’ produce.

Of course he did much more than just sell. Traditionally he made love to women wherever he found them, he brought the latest jokes and the hottest inside information to the small towns, he spent money freely. He was the life of every party, the bon vivant of his era. In the early years of the century he played the role the high-flying Texas oilman and the wise-cracking comedian were to assume in the ’50s.

Today the traveling salesman, as America once knew and loved him, is as extinct as the pterodactyl and the dodo.

His demise may be charged to the changed face of national economics. Years ago there were thousands on thousands of small merchants scattered in hamlets and villages in every state, who sold everything from food, hardware and clothing down to pins and needles.

In 1960 the consumer can buy just



about everything he needs from just one or two stores. With the A.&P., leading grocery chain, dispensing \$4,768,249,000 worth of miscellany—and not all of it food, by a long shot—in one year alone, and the J. C. Penney department store chain peddling \$1,312,278,000 in merchandise, one can easily see that the independent store operator is rapidly vanishing from the scene.

And, while the number of variety stores handling general merchandise increased their sales from \$18,694,000,000 in 1952 to \$21,156,000,000 in 1957, the actual number of store owners actually decreased more than 7.2% in the same period.

The chain stores, which complete-

TRAVELING SALESMAN

ly dominate the merchandising field today, buy in vast quantities from purchasing offices in centralized cities. What need is there now for salesmen to go out combing the country when one visit to the central office can produce a large enough order to keep the manufacturer busy for a year?

The jet age, of course, is also largely responsible for the death of the salesman. In the pre-flying period the salesman would make three or four trips a year to cover his territory, each trip running two or three months. Today he can zip from New York to Chicago and back the same day.

So the traveling salesman has gone the way of the buffalo, the nickel cigar and the celluloid collar.

He *was* a lot of fun and he *had* a lot of fun. The girls in such metropolises as East Burlap, Wis. and South Siwash, Utah, used to gather in the lobby of the town's Grand Hotel every week at "train time" to size up the Knights of the Road as they strode importantly to the desk and demanded the best room in the house.

"In those days," says a retired ladies' wear salesman, "the traveling man had the pick of the town's loveliest belles. He always had a liberal expense ac-

(Continued next page)

BY RONSON O. CARLE



count and lived like a king. My company, like most of them, insisted that I stop at the best places and go de luxe all the way. It gave off an aura of prosperity that reflected credit on the firm.

"The girls loved the traveling man," he went on, "because we entertained them in a style that was unknown to the local yokels, who used to think a trip to the nickelodeon, followed by an ice cream soda was the height of gay living.

"I remember once in a small Indiana town there was a girl I gave a sample blouse to while I was successfully romancing her. The next time I hit that same place, about a year later, she was not only waiting for me, but brought along her sister, who also wanted a blouse. I double-dated the two of them and ... but ah, I was a lot younger then and well able to squire two damsels simultaneously.

"What hot shots we used to be!" he reminisced. "You see, in those days a small town was really a small town. There was no radio, television or airplane travel. An auto was a rarity, so the people in the small town were actually isolated from

high life. The salesman would pop into town, bringing along the latest jokes from the Broadway shows, and keeping the local yokels in stitches. He'd retail all the latest scandals—the women loved that — and bring them up to date on what was going on in the outside world.

"Today everybody everywhere knows everything at the same time. A big city guy has lost his edge over the Reuben. In the old days the gals would drop their local guys any time a traveling salesman hit town."

Most traveling salesmen, no matter how freely they'd spend money for pleasure, had strict compunctions about love for sale. They wouldn't mind blowing a wad of dough entertaining a chick, and if they didn't "make out," would let it go at that. But if the dame made an outright demand of cash for her charms, that was the end, even if the price were as little as a five-spot.

"It was a matter of pride with us," a former hardware man told the writer. "We were wolves, all right, because a guy does get lonely when he's away from home for months at a time, but there seemed to be something unbusinesslike—even degrad-

ing—about paying hard cash for something you felt you were entitled to without charge.

"We wanted to make good on our own, and we usually did. Because of our vast experience in such matters, we were never at a loss for words and were able to turn a rebuff into a joke with a snappy retort.

"A friend of mine illustrated what I mean. He was a fast worker and one day he struck up an acquaintance with a luscious brunette at a hotel cigar stand. After a few minutes of chatter, he suggested she might like to drop up to his room for a drink. The gal was, or pretended to be, indignant."

"What do you think I am," she demanded, 'a prostitute?' His answer was a classic.

"Who said anything about money?"

Probably no class of men was ever as well versed as the traveling salesman in the art of making friends and influencing them. You could set an experienced traveler in a hotel lobby for ten minutes and he could spot in that time every woman within sight who might be picked up.

Although 90% of the traveling men made romance their number one preoccupation, they never let sex interfere with business. No smart salesman ever made a play for any woman connected with a firm he did business with. Too many complications might arise. She might expect certain favors; she might embarrass him with other business friends. Or, even worse, she might try later to contact him through his home office.

"There were always plenty of dames available away from business," says the ladies' wear salesman.

"Even when you were in a strange town?" he was asked.

"Those numbers and names represented a lot of work, as well as a certain cash outlay. Whenever I made a score, the girl would go into the book and I made sure there were never any dead pigeons in it.

"Ofter," he continued, "you might run into a real nice dish in one town or another—I mean something special—and you haven't much time to spend before you have to push on. You don't want to lose her by rushing things too much, so you give her a long-range play. Slow and easy.

"Take her out to dinner, give her a good time and test out her resistance. If it is pretty strong, but you figure she's really worthwhile, you let it go for that *Continued p. 70*



THE SIZZLINGEST SPREE



YOU'VE NEVER SEEN!



Veiled Fran Stacey played peek-a-book with the entry drape before plunging into the melee. When she finally did make her entrance, she was surrounded by lensmen.

MIAAMI HAS NEVER been a town for gasps, blushes, or shocked expressions, but the sophisticated city had lots of all three after the 1960 Artists and Models Ball popped the last cork on the last bottle of champagne and called it a night. The call was inaccurate, for it was well into morning by that time, but nobody was in condition to notice. It had been one helluva spree and while the soberer citizens of Miami were reacting as outlined above, the participants were either sleeping it off or talking it up as the wildest wingding Miami's art clubs have ever thrown. The liquor flowed like the Mississippi at flood-time, the music ranged from the most danceable to the most far-out in impromptu progressive jazz and the model half of the party included some of the most fetching female figures ever seen in Miami—or anywhere else, for that matter. And these figures were displayed in costumes that made those of past years seem like Mother Hubbards by comparison. Lacey Kelly, theme girl of the affair, wore a bosom-revealing multi-colored full-length gown that proved a real attention-getter. Virginia Remo, named "Queen of Models," wore an ostrich feather outfit that had everybody whistling, and Bonnie Carroll, "Princess of Models," sported an ultra-brief flower-decorated bikini that was as provocative as it was floral. Fran Stacey garnered ogles with a wisp of strategically arranged veil—and nothing else—and Elena Collette drew a lot of comment with a scanty top-piece made up of chain links and a gauzy breech-cloth hanging from her hips. Yessir, it was the sizzlingest spree you ever did see! ●

Strategically linked Elena Collette had the Indians—and most of the other males present—going wild with eye-catching outfit. It was patterned after harem garb.



First prize for best costumes went to cartoonist-photographer Bud Irwin, model-photographer Bunny Yeager (center) and their retinue representing an Egyptian court.

As a reminder that art had its beginnings on the walls of caves, this couple chose a prehistoric costume motif.



Lacey Kelly (r.) was "Theme Girl" of the Ball. Her revealing costume set the pace for a night filled with them.



Bonnie Carroll (l.) was named "Princess of Models" and Virginia Remo captured title of "Queen of Models."



a friend indeed

NEVER BEFORE in his life had Charlie felt that he had it so made. He had nothing, but everything. He was living the life a man had to live. He was free and he was out under those swinging stars and he was with a bunch of other bums on a Texas roadside near the Mexican border and he was almost broke. The guys that he was traveling with were like brothers. There was "Wingy" Hudson, Jake Ballantine, and "Winehead" Martin. Great guys and they loved Charlie's story, but they didn't believe it.

He must have told them twenty times about what it was like before he found THE LIFE and why he left the old life for the new. They knew it could never be true, but then Charlie swore to it and he al-

ways told it the same way, so maybe . . . Tonight they had to hear it again, so that they could press him for more details.

"Right from the beginning," Jake urged him. "Right from Madison Avenue and the big house in Connecticut and the cute little wife with the two kiddies." The other two sat and grinned and "Winehead" opened the bottle of red wine he'd been saving all day.

"Okay," Charlie finally consented, "but this is the last time for this week. It all started one morning at this ad agency I was working for. I was the account exec for a real big brewery, the biggest account on the books of Wilkins and Warren (both semi-retired). There I was, sitting in my big, plush office—and

it was big and plush—when in pops Ed Castle, a man for whom I had some respect because he had been further along the agency road than I was at his age five years before and because he's still a bachelor.

"Eddie and I had to work pretty close, because he wrote the copy for my account (which he was damn good at) and besides we dug talking to each other. Eddie was one of these crazy-eyed, good looking, big guys that not only women take to, but men and children too.

"We felt we were in a class apart from the rest of the guys in the office, who always had to be clever and talk in similes. We were beyond that and could get down to the basics of life. Anyway, on this particular morning

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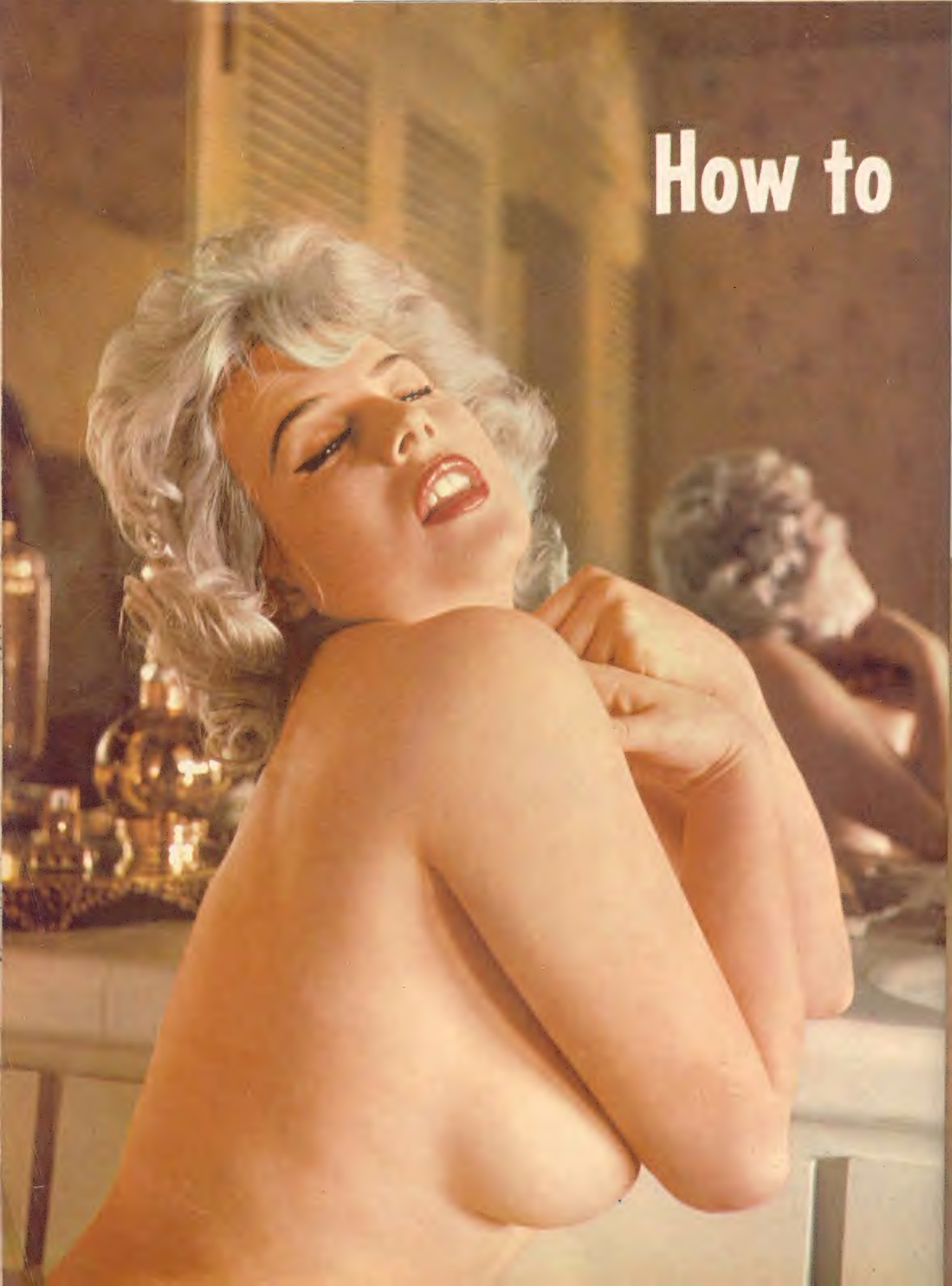
FICTION

Two ad executives hatch a wild plan to escape
civilization and become foot-loose and fancy free
until one of them makes a shocking discovery!

BY MYRON LENCH



How to



be a "Pooh"

Winnie the Pooh has been livening up the children's hour for twenty years. Now ACE figures it's about time the adults had some comparable entertainment. So here's Winnie Graham, even cuter than the original!



ONCE UPON A TIME when kids wanted to grow up to be Boy Scouts and not bagel burglars, an ambitious author named A. A. Milne wrote a series of books for toddlers about a group of unlikely characters, the most memorable of which is Winnie, the Pooh. Winnie was a bear—a Pooh-bear, to be exact. How does a Pooh-bear differ from the ordinary, run-of-the-woods Bruin? Well, for one thing, he talks. He talks to his friends Owl and Kanga (no rue in Milne) and Piglet and these stickily loveable beasties talk back to him. Also he talks to a little boy named Christopher Robin, a curious child whose pronunciation would have John Dewey spinning in his grave. Now, projecting on Mr. Milne's hypothesis—that there is a special breed of bear, a Pooh, who not only talks, but talks in a peculiarly childish patois—one wonders how an ordinary bear might go about becoming a Pooh. The answer is simple: Listen to Berlitz records while hibernating. That's what Winnie Graham, who speaks three languages, did. ●

There never was and never will be anything to compare
with the "Hellfire Club." Its members were the rulers of England, its
activities sex and Satanism, its slogan, "Do as you wish!"

THE BORDELLO THAT MADE THE MADAMS BLUSH!

BY CHARLES V. NEMO

FOR GOOD, clean, not-so-innocent fun it was hard to beat 18th century London—especially if you were a gentleman of means and fashion. Young bloods of the period might look effeminate in pastel-colored coats dripping with lace, high red heels and powdered wigs, but they sported swords and pistols and used them with deadly effect on each other and on innocent bystanders. And they forgathered in boisterous, rollicking “gentlemen’s clubs” whose vicious activities make the modern gang of juvenile delinquents look like a mollycoddle Sunday School. Typical examples of these clubs were:

The Mohawks, who roamed the streets in packs picking fights with commoners, playfully crushing their noses and gouging out their eyes;

The Fun Club, which smashed windows and set fire to lower-class houses and cottages, just to watch the inhabitants scurry around in their night-shirts;

The Blasters, who delighted in exposing themselves lewdly to passing females;

The She-Romps, who enticed young girls into their club, made them walk on their hands with their skirts over their heads and beat them with riding whips;

The Mollies, who dressed as women and sang soprano to passing males: “Tell me, gentle hobbledehoy, art thou girl or art thou boy?”

It was an era of utmost licentiousness and extravagance. Charles Douglas, Duke of Queensberry, hired

three of the most famous prostitutes of London to compete publicly in a nude beauty contest for a golden apple. On a bet Richard “Beau” Nash, famous British dandy, rode naked through London on the back of a cow. The Chevalier d’Eon, notorious French agent and an internationally famous duelist, appeared in public dressed as a woman and carried on outrageous love affairs indiscriminately with members of both sexes.

Bacchanals were a favorite pastime at all the clubs. “Mother Sulphur,” her face painted black, led a dancing line of masked naked men and women through the halls of the Sheet-Lightning Club. For a suitable fee Charlotte Hayes, the famous procuress, provided diseased rakes of the Divan Club with 12-year-old virgins kidnapped off the streets of London. “Mother Stanhope,” another famous madam, specialized in older and more versatile tarts. “An old fiddle makes the best music,” announced the notices she posted on club bulletin boards.

However for sheer lechery, debauchery and depravity none could hold a candle to the infamous Hell-Fire Club, whose fantastic orgies shocked three continents over a period of 25 years. Its members were not just young sports, sowing their wild oats; they included many of the most important and influential men of the British Empire.

Among them was the Prince of

Continued p. 62



What's in a Name?

Well, when you come right down to it, quite a bit.

A girl wouldn't want to be called Fall River, or Dobbs

Ferry, but Beverly Hills—that's a lucky label!



Los Angeles photogs took one look and saw gold in them thar Hills.

Proof that there's more in a name than there might seem to be, lies in the fact that Bev couldn't click in the East, but on coming to Beverly Hills, she won quick success.





At first the lensmen questioned the authenticity of her monicker, but when Beverly produced a birth certificate, all of their doubts were vanquished. Her handle is genuine.

In any case, there's more to Beverly than just a name. There's what meets the eye—and that would be hard to beat.



So, here's to Beverly Hills, a lovely city and a beautiful girl—and a wondrous attraction for tourists on both scores.



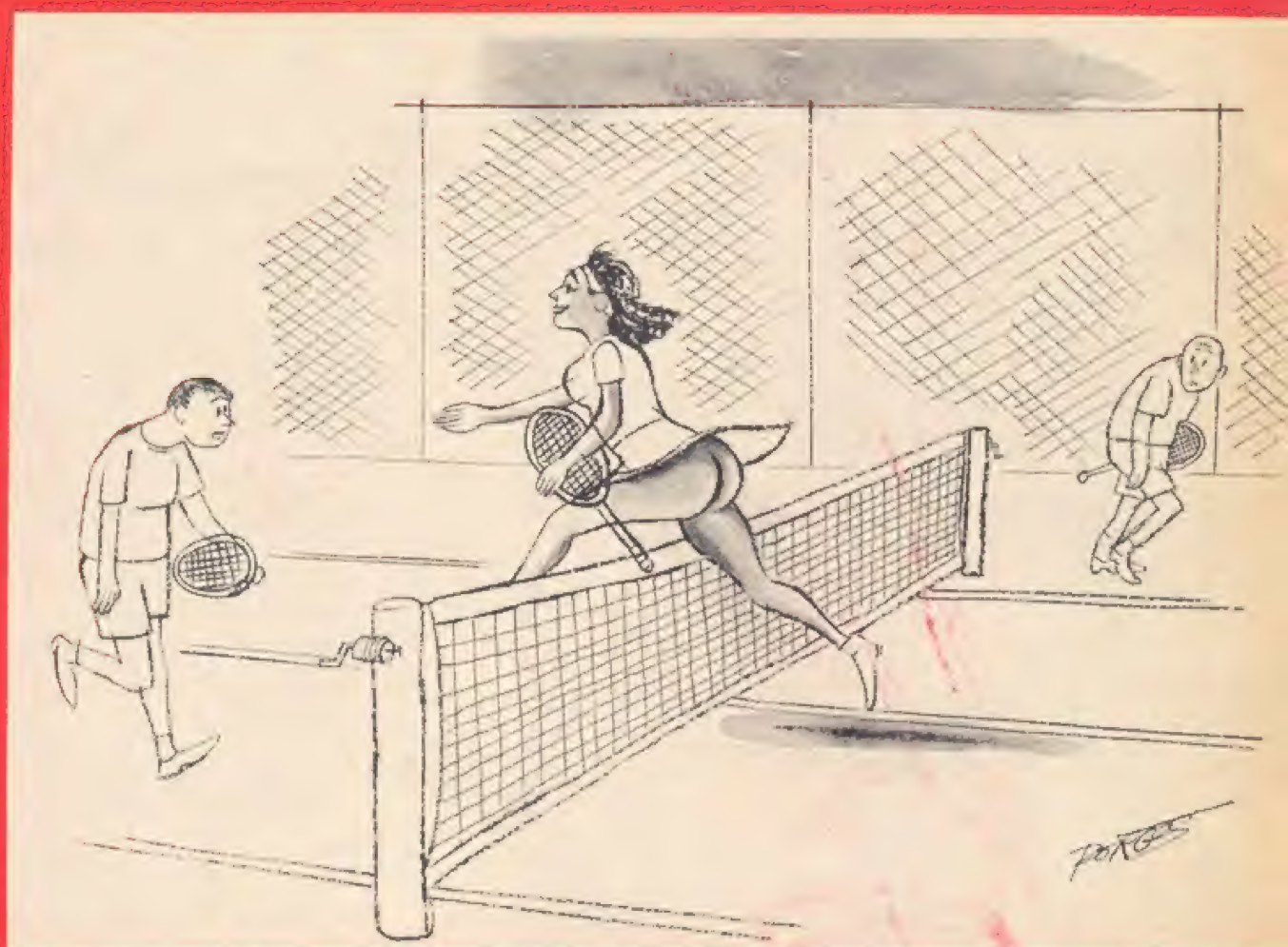


NO COMMENT*



This phrase, when applied to the work of cartoonists, is a good gauge of how well they have done their job. Speechlessness, where cartoons are concerned, is proof of just how well the artist has gotten his humor across visually. And, cartooning is a visual art. On these pages are some top examples of what we mean. No captions needed; no comment necessary; the giggles are in the drawings, the way they're conceived and in the style in which they are executed. That's cartooning!





THE PERFECT STATE

Native and adopted sons of the 50 United States,

are prone to argue over which state in the union can

most aptly be termed the best. But few will argue the

obvious observation that the perfect state is Virginia,

Virginia Rogers in a relaxed and warm mood.



To be perfect one must be
sound, flawless and complete.

Virginia, of course, easily
fits the description without
begging the adjectives.





One of America's better known folk tales concerns a little girl who desperately wanted to believe in Santa Claus. She wrote him a letter in care of the North Pole, asking him to answer if he existed. A newspaper editor happened across the letter and wrote: "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus." If Santa's ever got doubts of his own, here's our reply: "Yes, Santa, there is a Virginia."

She harmoniously blends both the piquant and
the soft, a most rare and unusual gift
to possess. As John Gay said in his renowned
Beggars' Opera, "Oh what pain it is to part."





Some poems are dangerous, like—Higgamous, hogga-
mous, girls are monogamous; and hoggamous, higgamous

...MEN ARE POLYGAMOUS

BY NEIL R. SELDEN

LARRY ARGAN twisted the silver knob on his watch. Ninety minutes to make flight five at Idlewild Airport. Los Angeles, then Frisco, then Chi, then back home. As he thought of each city he smiled, a curious nostalgic smile.

"Larry," she said from the kitchen, "how about a dash of oregano in your eggs?" Her voice had a charming coquettish tinkle. "Just for variety, hon, the spice of life."

"Sure, Margo," he said, folding his paper to the business section, "and I bet there's not a husband in America who's tasted eggs more different ways than yours truly." She giggled. He enjoyed the sound of her voice. "But, Margo, you've got the idea backwards: Spice is the variety of life."

Margo appeared on the kitchen threshold. She licked a drop of yellow egg from the spoon in her hand. Her housecoat seemed on the verge

of slipping open over the bulging lines of her body. Margo caught his expression and pulled at her belt. The housecoat fell away like a stage curtain. Mounds of firm white flesh thrust forward. She made a comic bow from the waist. "My lord and master," she said. Then she stuck out her tongue at him. A delicious pink glistening tongue. And she whirled around like a can-can dancer and flared up the skirt of her housecoat flashing bare white buttocks and thighs.

"I can't place the name," he said, "but the—face is familiar."

"Sir!" she cried, pulling the housecoat together beneath her breasts, "you're a cad, a bounder—have you no couth?"

"Sure," he said, "but my couth has a cavity." She laughed. He rose from the kitchen table with a mischievous look in his eyes. Margo waved her finger at him warningly. "I married a Sex Monster," she said. "Larry, you've got to make that plane." She fled back into the kitchen. He re-

laxed and read his newspaper.

The newspaper article in the *Times* told of a new electronic brain. A machine that records, files, routes, arranges timetables, checks reservations. Master Business Machines, Inc., the East Coast electronics developer, is set to begin sales negotiations with airlines, banks, etc. Larry folded the paper and sighed. As top salesman for MBM, he knew a hot property. His trip to the West Coast would be a sure success. His frequent West Coast sales trips always were.

"Coming right up, hon," Margo shouted. She watched him stab his fork into the scrambled eggs. He fed her a piece. She leaned across the table and kissed him. He licked his lips. "Margo con Oregano!" he said triumphantly.

As he chewed the toast and eggs, their eyes met. Happy, unembarrassed. All a man needs, Larry thought, is organization. Men are different from women. You can love your wife

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JACK BENNY'S Hottest Discovery

Whether she's doing the Lamour bit by a tropic lagoon,
working like a beaver to polish her dance routine, or playing
straight girl to the Benny wit, cover girl Diane Hartman's
never without that inner glow that marks the star a-borning!

The exclusive pictures on these pages by photographer Ron Vogel are the results of Diane's only posing stint to date. Nor does she plan to pose for any more glamor pictures in the near future.





OVER THE YEARS top radio and TV comic Jack Benny has been responsible for launching many stars on their careers—Dennis Day, Phil Harris, Kenny Baker, Rochester, to name but a few. As a rule though, his proteges have been male. The distaff side hasn't drawn much of Jack's career-building interest—until just recently. The exception to the rule is Diane Hartman, an up-and-coming young starlet who recently made her TV debut on the Benny show. Appearing in a skit with Jack himself, her stint drew lauds from the comic, the viewing audience who mentioned her in their letters and a variety of people in the entertainment industry who are interested in talent. It led to an appearance as a featured song-and-dance act at El Rancho Vegas in the city of the ever-rolling dice. In these photos our talented cover girl is shown rehearsing for the Vegas show. Many hours and much energy went into these rehearsals, but the expenditure paid off big. Her opening was a smash hit. The critics raved; so did the customers. Latest development is that three Hollywood studios have approached her about screen tests. Diane's career is well-launched. ●



Weary after hours of strenuous dance rehearsal, Diane relaxes and discusses skyrocketing career with lensman Vogel.





How to Get into Debt—and

BY HARRY GREGORY

SAM Smith and Fred Jones both make the same yearly salary. They live in the same neighborhood, each has a wife and two kids and each pays roughly the same amount of money for rent and food. But there the similarity ends.

Sam Smith has a dishwasher, a color TV set and drives a high-priced car. He and his wife take a three-week vacation in Miami at least once a year. Their kids go to a summer camp and they have a cleaning woman who comes in twice a week. Sam has a woodworking shop in his basement and his wife collects antiques. They go to a Broadway show once a week and Sam takes the Mrs. dancing at least once a month. They do a lot of entertaining and Sam is known among his friends for the freedom with which his liquor flows and the vari-

ety and tastiness of his cocktails.

Fred Jones, on the other hand, helps his wife with the dishes, catches the Late Show on an old 17-incher he's had for eight years and drives a four-year-old Plymouth. He hasn't had a vacation in three years and then it was just a long weekend in the Catskills. His kids sell magazines in the summer and in their spare time they help Mrs. Jones with the housework. He spends his free time repainting their dated furniture and his wife utilizes hers at the sewing machine, trying to make last year's dress fit this year's styles. About once a month they take in a neighborhood movie. They don't have too many friends, but when they do have company Fred tries very hard not to watch how many cans of beer are consumed.

Fred has no more money in the bank than Sam does. He's not a tightwad and Sam isn't really a

Good-time Charley. It is true though that Sam is relatively happy while Fred wears a constantly harassed expression. This might seem surprising, for Fred Jones doesn't owe a nickel, while Sam Smith is in debt up to his ears and has been for years.

Actually, that's the secret of Sam Smith's happiness. He's mastered the art of getting into debt and staying there. This allows him to live at a much higher level than Fred Jones. And, in a sense, that is the secret of happiness the way today's society is constituted.

How much money a man owes has become a mark of status. Buying all the things and doing all the things he can't afford are evidences of the fact that he has accepted the world and vice-versa. Being in the red is the condition which prevails, and how pleasantly a man lives his life these days is pretty much dependent on the extent to which he accepts





Stay There!

You can find happiness in the red if you use your head!

that condition and what it entails.

Debt is a snowballing process, but the initial step of getting into debt isn't an easy one to take. For this reason, many people who might find happiness are denying it to themselves by living within their means — an obviously foolish program which, considering our government's fiscal policies, might be considered downright un-American. To straighten these folks out, ACE here presents a plan for lifetime borrowing and owing which is guaranteed to drive the bill collectors to a fellow's door in droves.

The first step is to establish a credit rating. You can't borrow money without one. Only the trouble is that you can't get a credit rating without borrowing money. In the old days the cynical truth was that banks would gladly loan a millionaire a million dollars, but the poor man couldn't get a loan to finance a loaf of bread. Today, fortunately, we

live in a more enlightened age. The most poverty-stricken are not merely allowed, but encouraged to ride to the poorhouse in style.

Installment buying has made this possible. And installment buying is also the key to getting the credit rating. Five years ago the author of this article bought a vacuum cleaner on the installment plan. Thus the National City Bank, which underwrote the purchase loaned him \$50. After four monthly payments of ten dollars each, he went to the bank itself and renewed the loan, this time borrowing a hundred dollars. And he kept renewing the loan, year after year, without ever quite paying it off. Today he owes the National City Bank over \$3,000. And, most important, his credit rating is excellent.

Continual borrowing, even if you don't need the money, is the second step towards debted happiness. The author not only owes the bank, but

also three department stores, GMAC, which financed his car, and American Express, which financed his vacations through the years. Also, he has a Diners' Club card, a gasoline credit card and is paying off a new house. And all this from an initial loan of \$50 for a vacuum cleaner!

There is another aspect to this business of owing money. A national magazine recently conducted a survey among two income brackets, the \$5,000 a year wage-earners and the \$12,000 a year men. They found that the five G a year man saved an average of \$500 annually while the man who brought home the \$12,000 bacon went approximately \$800 deeper into debt each year. From this it's easy to see why owing money has become a standard of success.

Nor does this standard just apply on the personal level. It's even more applicable to business indebtedness. Very few *Continued on next page*



HOW TO GET INTO DEBT—AND STAY THERE!

men go into business without borrowing at least part of the money to finance their enterprise. Most borrow half or an even more substantial percentage of the initial investment.

Once the business is operating, the first thing the owner does is establish credit arrangements with his suppliers. He arranges to pay them anywhere between every 30 to 90 days. It's rewarding to think of how many debts a man can pile up in this space of time.

And the more bills not marked "PAID," the more likely he is to build a successful enterprise. The reason is simple: he's operating on the other guy's money; in a true sense, that money is being invested in his business.

Why do the people he deals with stand for it? And for how long? Take the example of a New York toy manufacturer who led his creditors up the garden path to the tune of some \$50,000. Finally they'd had it. They cut off all further credit and held a meeting to pressure him into paying his debts.

He listened very politely to what they had to say and then answered them as follows: "Gentlemen, you've implied that I have swindled you. If you shut me down, that will be true. I'll be forced into bankruptcy and you'll be lucky to get five cents on the dollar. However, if you allow me to continue operating, there's a good chance that I'll be able to pay

you everything I owe. You'll get your money and instead of being a swindler, I'll be a successful business man."

His argument impressed them. They not only allowed him to continue running, they actually extended him the further credit necessary to keep the flow of raw materials running into his plant. They didn't do this out of the goodness of their hearts. They did it because they themselves couldn't afford to let him go under. They—each of them individually—couldn't stand the loss his bankruptcy would cost them. And so they stalled their own creditors much the way he had stalled them.

But stalling them doesn't mean they paid them nothing. On the contrary, they paid them a little on account each month. And this, on both the business and personal level, is the third rule for staying in debt. A creditor who receives some payment, no matter how little, is most apt to keep the credit flowing.

How this can work for the average guy is perhaps best illustrated by the example of Johnny K., a mechanic who lives in the mid-west and earns \$7,500 a year. Four years ago Johnny got married and furnished his house on the installment plan. Very soon he found that two can't even live as cheaply as one-and-a-half and experienced difficulties in meeting his payments.

He was sensible. He went to his creditors, explained his troubles and got them to reduce his monthly payments and extend his loan over a longer period. Then Johnny's wife had a baby. The hospital bill cleaned him out and he was unable to meet the obstetrician's fee. He sent the doctor five dollars a month. His kid was three years old before it was paid for, but the doctor never complained once. As long as Johnny was paying something, it was obvious to him that he wasn't a dead-beat.

Today, Johnny is doing the same thing about the bills he owes department stores for clothing and furnishings, about his garage bill for gas and repairs and even about the charge account he has at the drug store. His bills grow larger—but so does his credit, as long as he gives

the people he owes money to a little something on account. In debt? To the hilt! But living in comfort thanks to it.

That's the difference between being in debt and not owing anybody anything, the difference between a Sam Smith and a Fred Jones. It's the difference between living comfortably and having to scrimp. And the tolerance toward owing money has become a national philosophy.

There are many reasons for this. One is the quite human rebellion against the deprivations of the depression. Most of today's young marrieds—they represent the greatest percentage of purchasing power in the nation—grew up during the depression and the buying spree they've been on for the past ten years is to a large extent an adult reaction to their childhood resentment against having to go without so many things.

Another reason is that the powers that be in our economy must encourage installment buying and other forms of indebtedness in order to keep their merchandise moving. It's a circle, but not necessarily a vicious one. Mass production can only be maintained if its results are consumed; workers will only be employed if mass production continues; and workers can only buy the products of mass production if they are employed. That's the reason the borrowing process is being encouraged as it never was before. It's necessary to keep the goods moving. As to whether this bubble must burst eventually, there are economists who will argue both sides of the question. Let's leave the argument to them. For the average Joe, it's enough to realize that borrowing today is a natural part of living and being in debt a normal state.

It's so normal, that even cemeteries and funeral homes are selling their services on the installment plan. You can pay out a funeral and a grave over a twenty year period if you want.

What happens if you die before the twenty years are up? What man could ask for more? You die as you have lived, true to yourself and the national philosophy—up to your ears in debt!





"I don't think it was nice of you to tell that fan magazine exactly why I gave you that role."



Among the first things Eve nagged Adam for was a mirror. When the looking-glass reflects beauty like Eve Post's, it's males who are glad she did.

ALL ABOUT EVE

Ever since the days of Adam, man has
been spending his time trying to understand
woman. Alas, he's no further along
now than when he started. Eve will ever be a
mystery and Eve Post is no exception!





Now about Eve—Eve Post, that is—She's a 21-year-old model who lives on the West Coast. She likes tennis, swimming and horseback riding. She dislikes most spectator sports, has no patience for them. Her favorite foods are very rare steaks, shrimp salads and pineapple-chunk ice cream. She's a progressive jazz fan, but dislikes rock-'n'-roll.



Neatness counts where the men in her life are concerned. She can't stand sloppy dressers. Also, she detests wolves.



Eve, ambitious to be a successful dancer, spends most of her spare time rehearsing at home. She's also a talented singer and has had some professional experience, as well as having done small parts in a number of Hollywood films.

Now you know quite a bit about Eve. Not all, but quite a bit. And yet, you're no closer to understanding her than Adam was to understanding the first Eve. As we said, woman is an unsolvable mystery—but, oh, the fun of trying!





THE BARD WITH THE OFFBEAT BANGS

REGULARS at P. J. Clarke's famed Third Avenue saloon, where the unusual is the commonplace, paid scant attention one recent evening when an impish and impulsive young man named Truman Capote made himself comfortable in the ample lap of Hollywood producer David O. Selznick and proceeded to carry on an animated conversation with Mrs. Selznick, known to the motion picture public as actress Jennifer Jones.

Midway through the evening Capote vacated Mr. Selznick's lap long enough to excuse himself and retire to the Men's Room, where he combed the dishwater-blond bangs which have become as much his trademark as his colorful weskits or his effete style of writing.

"Truman is cute," say most women who meet him.

"Truman is a genius," say some of his friends.

"Truman is the oddest ball of all," say his detractors.

"Truman is Truman," says Truman, with a devilish glint in his eye.

For Mr. Capote at 34 has grown too old to be disturbed by—or overly impressed by—what others think of him. He writes as he pleases, wears his hair as he chooses and seems to be succeeding famously in both the social and literary worlds.

"One of the greatest charges I ever got in my life was introducing Truman Capote and Rocky Graziano," a New York columnist said not long ago. "The look on Rocky's kisser was simply classic. But I have to hand it to Truman—Rocky went away liking what he called 'the little creep wit da haircut!'"

For the past eleven years—since his highly-successful first novel, "Other Voices, Other Rooms," hit the bookstalls—everyone has been trying to fathom the riddle of what makes Truman tick. The jacket photo on the book, which showed Truman in repose, attired in a plaid weskit and wearing his famous bangs, led a number of people to imagine that this was an effeminate little introvert who had struck it lucky with one book and was undoubtedly a bore in a crowd.

This is hardly the case. Truman, who describes himself as "terribly paranoid" due to a most unhappy childhood, has proven that he can write plays and movies as well as short stories and novels and has, on the strength of a highly amusing personality, become one of New York's most sought-after party guests.

The unhappy childhood began with the divorce of his parents when he was a toddler of three. Born in Alabama, Truman found himself shipped off to a neighboring state to live with two maiden aunts. Their effect on him was profound and many critics feel that his present eccentricities were born in this era.

He was a small, elfin youngster with pink cheeks and an insatiable curiosity regarding birds and flowers. Known in the neighborhood as "Little T," he had no close friends and shunned children's games as either "too stupid" or "too rough." "I was terribly lonely," he has told friends since in speaking of his Southern childhood. "I felt that I knew no one and no one knew me."

When he was 10 his mother married a wealthy Connecticut businessman and Truman moved North to join them. In a medium-snobbish private school he proved to be an erratic student, scoring exceptionally high marks in those subjects which caught his imagination, such as English, biology and history, but failing miserably in such things as mathematics and languages.

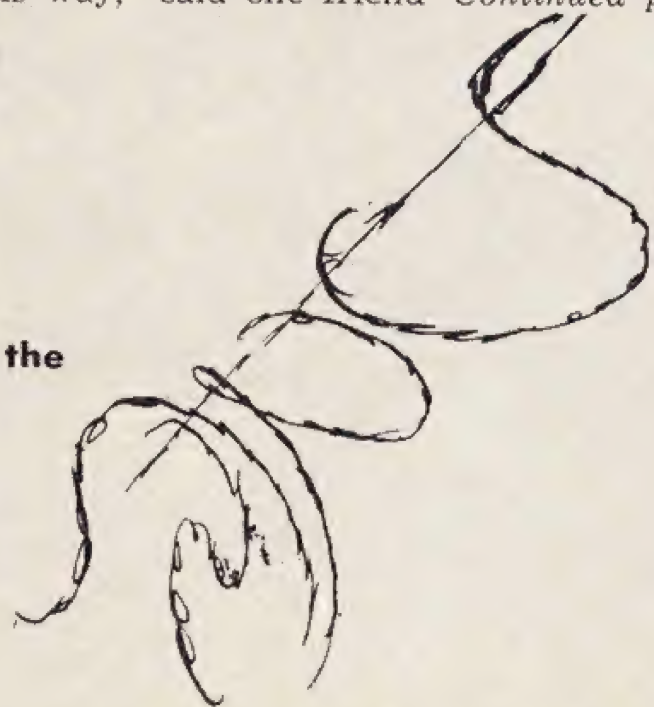
A contributor to the pages of Readers' Digest at 15, Truman began to assume his present physical and sartorial shape. Conscious of his size (five feet tall and barely 125 pounds) he elected to further call attention to himself through his clothes, such as corduroy suits, black string ties and white buck shoes. To complete the picture, he wore his hair in bangs and donned horn-rimmed glasses, although he sees perfectly without them.

"When Truman was 18 he was a nasty little snob who was given to temper tantrums and tears when he didn't get his way," said one friend *Continued p. 46*

When Truman Capote appeared on TV recently, his piping

voice caused one reviewer to opine that they played him at the

wrong speed. Could this be the story of his life?



BY HARRIS TOWNES



THE BARD WITH THE OFFBEAT BANGS

who knew him at that period. "He was forever quoting Marcel Proust, James Joyce, Shaw and Shakespeare and was a professional Confederate who was always shooting off his mouth about the Civil War."

Most of Truman's friends were either elderly women or effeminate young men nearer his own age, said the friend, and his lone encounter with a girl his own age ended in what Truman has since described titteringly, as a "shambles."

"I doubt that he has ever let a girl get that close to him since," the friend observed. "You couldn't call Truman a Rubirosa by any stretch of the imagination, although he now tolerates young and attractive women as long as they don't try to romance him."

His successful first novel, written at the age of 22 after he had moved to New York, made Truman a celebrity sought after by the "arty" set. For a time he was the darling of the Greenwich Village Bohemians, but soon tired of the shabby life

downtown. He then began to cultivate a circle of friends in the theater and in literary circles—the kind of folks who frequent Sardi's, "21" and the Colony.

After collecting \$15,000 for six months spent toiling in the Hollywood vineyards (during which time he was asked to do absolutely no writing) Truman visited England but managed to come back no better dressed than before. He palled around with Tallulah Bankhead, songwriter Harold Arlen, Marlene Dietrich and playgirl Doris Lilly and became very buddy-buddy with fellow writer Gore Vidal.

His emergence as a Broadway playwright ("The Grass Harp," "House of Flowers") added impetus to his social life and he was seen at all of the first nights and took to hobnobbing with Gloria Vanderbilt, who numbers herself among those who consider Truman both cute and a genius.

During a recent summer on Fire Island a meeting of some historical

importance took place when Truman chanced to be introduced to Marilyn Monroe at a party hosted by drama coach Lee Strasberg. During the course of the evening, as is his wont, Truman perched on Miss Monroe's lap and spent a half hour telling her of his diet, which he claimed had reduced his weight 20 pounds in six weeks. Miss Monroe looked properly impressed.

Truman's Fire Island home is a cottage in ultra-swish Cherry Grove, which he rented for the entire winter for the purpose of completing his new novel and to perhaps get a start on a new play. Throughout the coldest months he lived a solitary life, taking long walks along the deserted stretch of beach and working on his new book.

"Once a week I couldn't stand it any longer and just had to get into New York," he confides. "I usually went to the theater with friends, had dinner afterward and managed to sandwich in a luncheon at the Colony. Then I went back out to the island to work and shiver some more."

Many of Truman's friends, despite his scorn for the conventional and his apparent lack of interest in marriage and a family, think that he will eventually decide to renounce his bachelor existence, though it will admittedly take some doing on the part of the prospective bride to lead him to the altar.

"It will probably be an older woman of strong intellectual leanings who can understand and sympathize with him," one friend predicted. "It will also be years from now, I think, since Truman still isn't really altogether grown up. He started shaving only a year ago and his voice still sounds like it hasn't changed completely."

It would be helpful, too, if she were a woman who likes to have her husband sit in her lap but who wouldn't constantly be trying to romance him. She might find it nice having a little man like Truman around the house. ●





"Where on earth do you go every night?"



Back in the gay '90s when the art of striptease was beginning, there was some satire on innocent girlhood in the act.

Remember when burlesque was demure?

If you don't, here's Carole Richards doing

I'm Old.

The performances were slower and more relaxed in those days and girls took time to hold poses for audience approval.





But even in the early days satire quickly gave way to duds-doffing. Who can blame Grandpa for straining his bifocals?

Fashionomed Strip

The finales left them applauding for more, but you can bet they never had anything as sizzling as Carole to clap for.



FICTION

THE

Most times it pays to plan
the angles in the advertising
business, but sometimes it
pays better to play it by ear.
It took a most embarrassing
situation to teach Stan this!

BY TED MARK

"IF YOU'RE going to be so tense and anxious all the time, it isn't worth it. You're getting to be a nervous wreck and you're making one out of me. It just isn't worth it." Anita Collins' voice was an octave from being shrill and her soft-featured face was screwed up in an expression of harassment.

Stan Collins looked around the bedroom of his mortgaged-to-the-hilt, \$33,000 home. His eyes flicked over the new \$800 bedroom set, past the wardrobe closet where his three suits were squeezed into a corner by Anita's collection of dresses, evening gowns, tailored suits, riding habit—riding habit, for Pete's sake!—and finally came to rest on the installment-purchased wall-to-wall carpeting. The first installment fell due next month, somewhere between the car payment and the washing machine payment and would be followed by payments on the TV set, the Encyclopedia Britannica (which as far as he knew had never been opened since its purchase 14 months before) and his whopping life insurance premium which insured Anita a comfortable—if predictably early—widowhood.

"You're right," he said, his inspection completed. "It isn't worth it. I just wish you'd happened to mention that you felt that way before I signed that paper putting my scrotum in escrow to National City. I tell you what, let's ship the whole kit and kaboodle to the finance company and go

EXECUTIVE POSITION

a-beachcombing in the South Seas. What do you say?"

"Well I'm glad to see you've got some perspective left," Anita said, missing the very real note of longing in his voice. "I was beginning to think all you knew how to do was worry and mope and nag. You had me so upset over this shindig tonight that I took one of your dexedrine pills instead of my tranquilizer—and that didn't help."

"Well," Stan said with controlled patience, "this party tonight is important."

"I know. I know. You've told me. At least sixteen times. The vice-presidency of Arthur Whitehall Associates is up for grabs and you're grabbing. I know. It's between you and Alex Munsey and Tom Barker and as far as you know, you're all neck-and-neck. So now it's down to the social level and Arthur Whitehall is a firm believer in the functioning of business on

that level. A man has to be able to handle himself socially—and so does his wife. So the right fork just might be the key to the job. And, my ambitious darling, I hereby promise—Girl Scout's honor—that I will squelch my belches, keep my elbow out of the soup and not flirt with the butler."

"All right, kid around about it if you want to—just so you get it all out of your system before we get there. Remember, my darling, if *your* darling was less ambitious, you wouldn't have that closetful of Dior copies."

Continued on next page



THE EXECUTIVE POSITION continued

"And if my darling was more ambitious, I might have the originals."

"Well, if that vice-presidency comes through—" Stan was unconsciously clenching his hands on the edge of the bed until the knuckles showed white."

"All right. All right. Just relax, will you Stan. You're making me all tense again. Please, just relax."

"Okay," Stan said. "I'm relaxed. . . . It's time to get dressed anyway."

"We've got two hours."

"Now look," Stan said, "above all I don't want to be late."

"All right," Anita said resignedly. "We'll get dressed."

"Where's that monkey-suit I rented?" Stan asked, sliding dress-laden hangers around the wardrobe rack in mounting irritation. "It's a hell of a note when a man in my position can't afford to own his own tux. With all these damn expensive frills you've got here," he added in determined annoyance, "you'd think I could have managed to squeeze in a tuxedo some time."

"So buy yourself a tux," Anita's voice was weary. "Meanwhile, the one you rented is hanging on the back of that door over there."

"Oh, thanks," Stan said. He shucked off his trousers and surveyed the suit, flicking a speck of dust from one of the satin lapels. Then he turned to the bureau and pulled open a drawer. "Goddam it, Anita," he howled savagely, "don't I have any clean underwear?"

"Oh!" she said, contrite. "In all the rush today, I forgot to take the wash out of the machine. I'm sorry. I guess you'll just have to wear what you have on."

Stan looked down at his shorts, then gazed at his wife in disgust. "There's a hole in the back you could drive a bulldozer through. What am I supposed to do? Walk around all night with my derriere dragging?"

"What's the difference? You're planning to wear pants, aren't you? Anyway," Anita added with a half-hysterical giggle, "I think you look right fetching that way—sort of a half-moon effect that reminds me of our courting days."

"Ahh!" Stan mouthed disgustedly. He yanked the tuxedo trousers from the hanger and pulled them on. "Anita!" he exploded. "These damn pants are too tight!"

She surveyed him anxiously. "They are a little tight across the beam," she admitted, "but the jacket will cover that."

Mumbling curses, Stan continued dressing. . . .

Mrs. Arthur Whitehall was decidedly not looking forward to the evening. "Your ambitious young executives bore me," she was telling her husband. "They sit around being ultra-polite, acting like they're on trial—which, let's face it, they are—and treating me like the headmaster's wife. The atmosphere is so tense that sometimes I feel like hiking up my skirts, jumping up on the table and doing a kootch dance just to see if underneath their pasted-on smiles they're capable of acting human."

Mr. Whitehall crossed to where his wife was sitting at the dressing table and stooped over for her to tie his bow-tie. "They're human enough," he answered. "But they have to be able to handle themselves in situations like this. They'll be mixing business and social life with clients, and I have to be sure they're smooth enough so their actions don't reflect back on the firm."

Mrs. Whitehall sighed, finished with her husband's tie and walked over to an unobtrusive door. She opened it and strolled onto a small balcony. It overlooked the main dining room and she stood there a moment, automatically checking the place settings, envisioning the carefully planned seating arrangement. It was nice to have money—the thought flashed through her mind—and to be surrounded by beautiful things had frankly been her wish. Her husband had more than fulfilled it. Still, their life seemed to lack lustre, excitement, to be too wound up in business considerations.

The gentle tinkle of the doorbell interrupted her thoughts. As the maid went to answer it, Mrs. Whitehall went back into the bedroom, crossed through its main door and down the imposing staircase to wel-

come her guests. As usual, she reflected as she went up to them with a fixed smile on her face, the Collinses are the first. Stan Collins might have been a very nice young man—if only he didn't try so hard.

She greeted them with studied friendliness, trying to put them at their ease. "Stan, Anita, it's good to see you. It's been too long. We don't get together often enough. Would you like to freshen up? You know where the bathroom is." She indicated the staircase vaguely.

Stan was as "freshened up" as he could be, but his state of mind was such that the friendly suggestion seemed almost like a command to him. He looked at Anita in confusion. She returned a look that was meant to be soothing and led the way up the stairs. Halfway up they met Arthur Whitehall coming down.

"Hello Collinses," he boomed jovially. "Good to see you."

"Hello Arthur," Stan muttered. "Just going up to wash up," he added, thinking that the words sounded inane as he said them.

"How have you been, Anita?" Whitehall asked. "It's been too long since I've seen you. Prettiest wife of anybody in the shop," he told Stan. "You're a lucky man."

"Your wife is the lucky one, Mr. Whitehall," Anita said. "I wish my husband was half as gallant. The only thing that gets compliments like that out of him is a saleable ad spread."

"Well, I'll tell you," Whitehall whispered confidentially, "the secret is to be the boss. Then you can hire serious young men like Stan here to do the worrying and devote your time to admiring beautiful women."

Anita laughed. "Are you listening, Stan?" she asked, taking his arm and prodding him up the stairs.

They'd just reached the landing when the doorbell announced some new arrivals. Stan paused to watch Alex and Doris Munsey being greeted by the Whitehalls. It seemed to him that Arthur was a shade more cordial with Alex than he had been with him—although he didn't pay as much attention to Doris, a pallid, wispy type, as he had to Anita. Following Anita into *Continued p. 60*

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THE JOKER'S GEMS

His friend displayed the title of the book: "What Every Woman Wants."

The first sailor immediately tried to grab it from him. After a tussle, the second sailor asked what had gotten into his friend. "How come you want this book so badly," he asked.

"Well," said the other sailor, smoothing his hair, "I wanted to be sure they spelled my name right."

* * *

"Be a good boy," the father told his five-year-old. "Don't play in the mud, don't bother your mother and don't get into any fights. If you're good, I'll buy you ice-cream to-night."

The boy was good and the father kept his promise. As the lad was sitting and eating his ice-cream out on the porch with his Dad, a friend of his sauntered up. "Whatcha got there, Joey?" the other tot wanted to know.

"Payola!" Joey replied succinctly.

* * *

It's not true that the house detectives in Las Vegas hotels go around rapping on doors and brusquely asking, "You got any money in there?"

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "I want you to count from one to ten."

"Yes Ma'am," Johnny replied politely. He took a deep breath. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," he rattled off.

"Very good. Now count from one to ten backwards," the teacher requested.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, dammit-to-hell."

"Johnny!" The teacher was shocked. "I can't have heard right. Do it again."

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, dammit-to-hell."

The teacher gasped. "For using that kind of language in my classroom, Johnny, I want you to bring your father to school tomorrow."

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, he can't come," Johnny replied contritely. "He's out of town on business."

"What business? Where is he?"

"Launching satellites at Cape Canaveral!"

Our hunting manual assures us that the best way to snare a rabbit is to hide behind a tree and make a noise like a carrot.

* * *

They were very much in love and engaged to be married, but the groom-to-be was disturbed by the coldness of his sweetheart. One night, about a week before the wedding, he sat her down for a serious talk. "Darling," he said, "making love is a matter of letting yourself go. It's also a matter of technique and experience. Now, let me show you what I mean. First I'm going to show you how my cousin Joe makes love. Then I'm going to show you my friend Bill's technique. And then I'll demonstrate how my roommate Oscar goes about it." He proceeded to do so and the night went swimmingly. But when he awakened the next morning, his bride was gone and in her place was a note: "Loved the lessons. Have decided to elope with Oscar."

* * *

Sailors are traditionally conceited about their lovemaking prowess. Just how conceited may be seen by a recent incident which took place at the Fifth Avenue Library in New York. Two gobs—nobody will ever know why—had wandered into the establishment. One of them wanted to leave, but the other became immersed in a book. The first couldn't tear him away from it.

"Why waste time reading? What's so interesting?" he asked finally.



PICADILLY'S PEEK-TEST REVUE



AN AMERICAN in Paris—even one who doesn't speak French—has no trouble finding the Gallic fun spots. He may be fleeced by cab drivers, but eventually he'll wend his way to the *Folies Bergere*. *Gendarmes* may confuse him when it comes to directions, but sooner or later he'll find the *Moulin Rouge* and he'll love it. Mild swindles may be perpetrated upon him by bistro waiters making fast change, but he'll carry away memories of those Parisian *filles* that will last him a lifetime. And he'll do all this easily, despite the fact that he's a stranger speaking a strange tongue in a strange city. But plunk the same American down in London and, even though he may speak the language after his Yankee fashion, he's at a loss. All he knows when it comes to seeking fun in the staid British capitol is one word: Picadilly. Fortunately, he usually knows that. If he didn't, he might conceivably spend his entire stay watching the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace—which is admittedly colorful, but somewhat lacking in sex appeal. That's one quality that Picadilly doesn't lack. Here the visiting cousin will find entertainment and excitement galore. Here he will find possibly the sizzlingest shows in the world, revues that make their (Continued p. 56)

Club Panama chorine Annie MacLain was recruited in Glasgow. She does Scotch dance.



L. to R.: Lorraine, just 19 years old, England's top model, in the "Devil Dance"; Rosa Manetti, originally from Venice, waits to go onstage in Egyptian dance number; Julie Mendaz, who's had film offers, doing her popular Indian routine.

The "Seeing Stars" number has been a standby of the Club Panama for two years. A satiric take-off on how to achieve stardom in Hollywood, the pulchritude-packed routine is a particular favorite with American tourists visiting London.





Backstage at the Panama contract renewal negotiations are carried on informally by the manager and Yoki Tasharu.

counterparts across the channel seem tame by comparison. Picadilly's reputation, spread far and wide as it is, is justified. And nowhere more so than in the fabulous spectacles staged by the Club Panama. Here thematic originality is combined with the natural voluptuousness of the entertainment world's most carefully selected showgirls to present a revue that might make a Ziegfeld envious. If the tourist has missed the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, he can see it emulated at the Club Panama. And if the costumes are different, it's doubtful if he'll complain. They're every bit as colorful — and far more revealing. And the "guards" are so much shapelier. And this is only one of the torrid satires the nitery offers. Others include "Nudes in the News," a humorously fleshy take-off on the headlines of the day; the "Devil Dance," a whirling dance excursion into the nether regions; and "On the Spanish Beach," a sultry panorama of Latin bathing

beauties. The girls in the ensemble are recruited from all over the world. Among them is a lovely known simply as Lorraine who is recognized to be England's top glamour model. She has the distinction of being the most photographed poser in the British Empire. Among her contemporaries are a Swedish beauty contest queen, a Swiss dance competition winner and a Japanese beauty trained in the famous Takarazuka Theater School. Variety in beauty is among the things the Panama is noted for. Their girls vary from wholesome to sultry, from lazily exotic to healthy outdoor types. A neat balance of blondes, brunettes and redheads is always maintained and they come in all shapely shapes and sizes. The Panama's boast is that there's a girl in their show to suit every taste. From the enthusiastic reactions of their audiences, the boast is justified. The tourist knowing enough to find his way to Picadilly won't want to miss Picadilly's peek-iest revue! ●



Peggy Ray performs a bouncy single that has elements of humor and sex appeal.



Featured in a production number titled "The Sultan's Harem," voluptuous Magda Kovanci was an anti-Red in Hungary before coming to London.



The Panama's "Barnyard Follies" features chorus girls wearing head masks of farm beasts.

Antoinette DeBourget (l.), a shapely import from Paris, and Janet Lester, a native Londoner, pose backstage in "Funny Face" garb.





The latest psychiatric kick is group analysis and all over the country neurotics are

meeting to swap complexes. Here's the inside story of what can happen at such a session!

IT HAD TO COME. Togetherness has finally reached its peak. It's progressed through group housing, group barbecues and group car pools and now the ultimate has been reached: group psychotherapy.

That's right, the latest psychiatric kick is head-shrinking by the dozen. Group therapy isn't a fantasy, it's a fact. It works this way:

An analyst gathers about him a small group of six or eight people with mental problems on the theory that if they can become integrated in the group through discussing their aberrations, they will eventually be able to

adjust to society as a whole. The members of the group may be both male and female. Generally they are all drawn from the same walk of life and economic background. One of the purposes of the group is that the members should discard their inhibitions together—at least conversationally — to get to the root of their problems.

Nowhere do such problems abound so much as in Hollywood. And nowhere has group therapy attained such popularity. Let's look in on a typical screenland session:

The group is composed of a balding psychiatrist, an effete young lad known as Sister Boy, a Bronx butcher named Marty, a shopworn siren tagged Sadie Thompson, Blanche DuBois, a fading flower of the South, Willie Loman, a stoop-shouldered, haggard salesman, and an ultra-sophisticated lady known as Auntie Mame. They've just ambled into the room and the psychiatrist is trying to get things started.

Psychiatrist: Well, here we are again, folks. Now who's going to start the ball rolling?

Sister Boy: I dreamed about the Empire State Building last night. Do you suppose it could be another manifestation of penis envy?

Marty: Jeez, do I gotta sit here for an hour and listen to this creep an' his manhood problems? Penis envy! Well, maybe he's got something to be envious about! Dat ain't my problem. The only problem I got Sadie over there could solve wid ten minutes of privacy. (He leans at Sadie Thompson suggestively.)

Sadie: See me during business hours.

Blanche DuBois: Ah do think this conversation is becoming most vulgah, you-all. Doctah, can't we talk about something pleasant?

Psych.: Anything you want to talk about is all right.

Blanche: Well . . . Ah am at a loss for words . . . but back at my daddy's plantation when we didn't know what to say, we'd fall back on the three stand-bys.

Psych: And what are those, Blanche?

Blanche: Why, incest, rape and sodomy, naturally.

Psych. (trying to draw the group together): Blanche wants to discuss incest, rape and sodomy. (Turning to Willie Loman.) How do you feel about that, Willie?

Willie: I'm liked, but I'm not well-liked. (He buries his head in his arms, sobbing.)

Auntie Mame: That's because you lack *savoir faire*, dah-ling. And *joie de vivre*, too. An appreciation of the simple things is the answer, Willie my pet. Why just the other day I spent an entire hour—between my lesson in Yogi and an appointment at Cartier's—admiring the peonies in Central Park.

Sister Boy: I've always envied peonies.

Marty: Ah, shut up!

Sadie: I got a stiff neck.

Psych.: That's too bad, Sadie.

Sadie: Yeah. It's from the damn rain. Alla time rain. And every time it rains, there's this one guy, see, who always wants to do business. I shoulda been a waitress or somethin'. At least you keep dry.

Blanche: Ah hate rain. Ah see it from the streetcar and it makes me get car-sick and then Ah want sex.

Marty: Now we're getting somewhere.

Willie: The car . . . it kept running off the road. (Suddenly roaring.) They gotta give me a territory in New York.

Marty: Wanna come to work selling lamb chops for me?

Willie (yelling): I don't need your goddam charity!

Marty (injured): Thatsa trouble wid people. They can't communicate.

Sadie: I don't know. They communicate with me okay.

Auntie Mame (to Marty): Your trouble is, dah-ling, that you have a mother complex.

Marty (warningly): Don't you say nuttin' about my old lady, see.

Auntie Mame (contemptuously): Breeding will tell.

Marty: I'm warnin' ya—

Psych.: Now, now—

Willie: I don't know. Two brothers in the same family can turn out so different. You take my brother Ben. He walked into the jungle and when he walked out he was a rich man. And take me—(Cunningly.) Ah, well, I got that hose to the gas pipe down the cellar.

Sister Boy: I envy gas pipes.

Blanche: We had a beautiful, gold-plated gas pipe at ouah mansion when Ah was a girl. The beautiful young boy Ah married—you-all remind me of him—took it.

Auntie Mame: I was married once. He had a heart attack on our wedding night. I'd sold tickets, you see, for the benefit of some charity or other. Everybody was to come dressed as their favorite voyeur. I'd had Dior make up a special gown for me. My groom took one look at it and dropped on the spot. There were no other casualties—unless you count the two Yale alumni who couldn't pry their eyeballs loose from the peepholes. That Dior can certainly do wonders with gauze . . .

Sadie: I do all my dress shopping in Gimbels.

Blanche: I prefer Saks, Fifth Avenue.

Sadie: Gimbels is good enough for me.

Blanche: Well, in your profession—

Sadie: It takes one to know one.

Sister Boy (insinuatingly to Marty): Yes, it does.

Marty (menacingly): Whaddaya mean by that crack?

Blanche (to Sadie): I'll have you know I'm a high-born Southern lady.

Sadie: It ain't how high you're born, it's how high you live.

Sister Boy (to Marty): You know what I mean.

Marty: Now just you wait a minute, Sister Boy.

Psych.: I think we'd all better—

Willie (jumping up suddenly and squeezing his hands around the psychiatrist's neck): Why did you have to flunk math? Answer me that! Why? Why? A man works hard all his life and what does he have? A son who flunks math! You're killing me! You hear? You're killing me!

Sister Boy: Umm, haven't you got that a little backwards? It seems to me that *you* are killing *him*. Let's be accurate.

Marty: Why don't you butt out?

Sister Boy: I've always wanted to write. I'll bet I can sell this story to some newspaper. I'll call it "Eye-witness to Murder." It will be some scoop. I've always wanted a scoop.

Marty (maliciously): Den it isn't penis envy. It's—

Sister Boy (shrilly): I'll kill you for that.

Marty calmly pulls a meat cleaver from his apron and decapitates Sister Boy with one neat blow.

Auntie Mame: Bravo! Well done.

Blanche: Ah'll have mine rare.

Sadie: Medium for me, with a side of French fries.

Willie (finishing off the psychiatrist with a final wrench of his neck): This one's plumper.

All: Yes . . . so he is . . . let's have him first.

They fall to with gusto.

And there you have a group therapy session. Exaggerated? Sure. But not as far from what actually goes on as you might think. The question is: With the popularity of group analysis growing by leaps and bounds, how long can these shenanigans be confined to the head-shrinker's office? How long before it pervades the outer world? With that prospect in mind, we'd all do well to memorize the words of a song made popular by comic-singer Tom Lehrer. It goes like this: "Oh, we'll all go together when we go!"

THE EXECUTIVE POSITION

(Continued from page 52)

the bathroom, Stan heard the door chimes sound faintly again.

"That must be the Barkers," he said.

"I guess so."

"Listen, Anita, do you think you should have been quite so coy with the old man?"

"He isn't an old man—not that old, anyway. He loved it."

"I don't know." Stan looked dubious. "He's pretty sharp. He might not go for that vamp routine."

"Don't be ridiculous—vamp routine indeed. I was just being nice to him. I wouldn't worry about me, dear. You'd better just make more of an effort to control your own nervousness. You look like you're trying to stand at attention all the time."

"I know," Stan said miserably. "Well, come on, we might as well go down."

The Whitehalls and their guests were gathered at the foot of the staircase as Stan and Anita started to descend. They'd only gone a few steps, conscious of the eyes on them from below, when Stan tripped slightly and bumped up against Anita, causing her to drop her evening bag.

"Damn," he muttered under his breath. He stooped over to pick it up. As he straightened, his face got very white. "Oh, no!" he said, his voice suddenly tragic.

"What's the matter?" Anita was alarmed at his tone.

"Those pants. Those damn pants. I just split the seat of them."

"Oh, Lord!"

"Are you going to pose there all night?" Mrs. Whitehall called up. "You make a charming picture, but why not come down and let us have a closer look."

"I—forgot something—I—we'll be down in a moment. Please excuse us." Anita was trying hard to keep calm.

Somehow they backed their way up the stairs and into the bathroom from which they'd just come.

"Let me see," Anita said briskly, taking control of the situation now that they were alone. "Oh, it's not so bad. It's only a seam. I can sew it up."

"With what?"

"Mmm, that is a problem. Well, there must be a needle and thread around somewhere. I could ask Mrs. Whitehall."

"No! Don't do that." Panic was written on Stan's face.

"All right. All right. Wait a minute. Let me think."

"We're probably holding up dinner. Oh, this is awful."

"Got it," Anita said. "Their bedroom is a few doors down. She must

have some sewing stuff in her dressing-table. Every woman does."

"I hope so. I only hope so," Stan said fervently as he followed her down the hall to the bedroom.

Anita went straight to the dressing-table. "Here it is," she said, fumbling in a drawer. "Oh, this will do fine." She held up a needle and a spool of black thread. "Quick now, off with your trousers, my bucko."

Stan took off his jacket, shrugged out of his suspenders and yanked off his pants. Anita threaded the needle and bent over them.

"Oh, this is terrible. Just terrible," he moaned, pacing back and forth, his shirt-tails flouncing out behind him, his torn underwear giving his movement a flash of color."

"Relax, Stan, this will only take a minute," Anita said, the needle moving dexterously in her hand.

"How can I relax? What must they be thinking?"

"Stop worry—"

Anita broke off at the sound of Arthur Whitehall's voice booming from down the hall. "I'll just be a minute, folks," he was calling down the stairs. "I have those papers for Tom in my room and I want to give them to him before I forget. Then, I promise, no more business for the rest of the night."

"He's coming in here," Stan said, panic-stricken.

"All right, so you had an accident. He'll understand."

"But look at this underwear. I can't let him see me like this."

"Well, what can you do?"

Stan looked around frantically. "I'll duck in that closet over there. You tell him I'm in the bathroom and you're waiting for me. But get rid of him." Stan grabbed his pants from Anita's hands, scooped up his jacket and tossed the tuxedo under the bed. He dived through the door just as Arthur Whitehall turned the knob of the one opposite.

There are times when a man's brain just stops functioning. This was one of those times for Stan Collins. With the closed door behind him and Arthur Whitehall's pleasantries to Anita booming as though from an echo chamber on the other side, he found himself on the balcony overlooking the dining room and perceived the assembled guests clustered around Mrs. Whitehall who had been waiting for his and Anita's re-appearance before seating them for dinner. He took all this in, and froze.

Tom Barker was the first to spot him. "What the—" he said, responding automatically with an upward gesture. The eyes of the others followed his motion.

Conversation stopped. The silence

lengthened. All eyes remained on Stan as though held magnetically. And Stan stood frozen, unable to move, unable to think.

Mrs. Whitehall was the first to recover. "Were you—Were you looking for something, Stan?" she asked.

The words didn't register with Stan, but the sound of her voice had the effect of setting his brain in motion—albeit confusedly. *The job. I'll never get the job now, he thought. I'll never be able to face these people. The bills. Anita's riding habit. That goddam encyclopedia.* These and other thoughts tumbled through his mind pell-mell. And they were summed up in one uncaring conclusion: *The hell with it! The hell with everything!* He said aloud. "The hell with it!"

"What was that, Stan? I didn't quite hear you." Mrs. Whitehall cupped her hand to her ear. The others watched open-mouthed, still fascinated.

Stan drew himself up to his full height. "I said, the hell with it," he repeated loudly and clearly. And then, on impulse, he made a sweeping bow to the group below, turned around, flung open the door to the bedroom and repeated the bow to Arthur Whitehall whose eyes bugged out as he saw him. The effect of this second bow was to present the tattered underwear which only partially covered his rear to full view of those in the dining room.

There were four startled gasps below—and one unsuccessfully muffled giggle. Mrs. Whitehall was trying to stuff a handkerchief into her mouth and wipe her eyes with it at the same time. Finally she gave up and, biting her lip to hold back the laughter, excused herself and went into the next room. Here she collapsed on a sofa and laughed uproariously. After awhile she got herself under control and went back into the dining room to rejoin her guests.

"... pressure must have been too much for him," Tom Barker was saying as she re-entered.

"Yes, some men just aren't able to handle responsibility without cracking," Alex Munsey replied.

"I was never so shocked—" his wife started to say, but Alex overrode her words.

"Even so," he said, "there's an element of just plain vulgarity there. No matter how disturbed a man is, he doesn't make a spectacle of himself like that unless he just plain lacks breeding."

It was on this sentence that Arthur Whitehall entered. "You're a great one for breeding, aren't you, Alex," he said, an undertone of annoyance giving an imperceptible edge to the good-natured tone of his voice.

"Well, I think it's important, yes, Arthur," Alex answered respectfully.

Continued on p. 66

SEX IS JUST A NUMBER AFTER FIVE



BORDELLO THAT MADE MADAMS BLUSH

(Continued from page 25)

Wales, the Prime Minister of England, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Mayor of London, the son of the Archbishop of Canterbury and some of the most celebrated artists and writers of the time. Benjamin Franklin attended meetings while in London, and other members of the coterie played a prominent part in the American Revolution.

The Hell-Fire Club dedicated itself to sex, Satanism, ribald revelry, pornography and political intrigue. It is said that nothing shocked its members; nothing was abhorrent to them; in their quest for sensual pleasure they were willing to try anything at least once.

The Founder, promoter and leading spirit of the club was Sir Francis Dashwood, a baronet who had fallen heir to a fabulous fortune. Initiated into the delights of London club life at the tender age of 16, at 21 he departed on an extended tour of Europe and the Near East. In the course of this journey, according to contemporaries, he displayed "the impetuosity of a bull and the staying powers of a stallion." He was the marvel and envy of the French court; in Russia he became the lover of the nymphomaniacal Empress Anne; in Turkey he dallied for years in a harem of beautiful *houris* clad only in transparent gossamer trousers.

Twenty years later, as youthful impetuosity and staying powers waned, Sir Francis began to dabble in the occult. About 1750 he persuaded some of the best (and most dissolute) talents in England to join him in founding an esoteric new club which would combine sex and Satanism to their mutual advantage.

Their meeting place was a ruined medieval abbey on the banks of the Thames, some 29 miles west of London. St. Mary's at Medmenham had been built in the 12th century and deserted in the 16th. It was a weird, isolated old ruin well off the beaten track and thus well-suited for a rendezvous of distinguished gentlemen with exotic tastes—especially after Sir Francis had it rebuilt to his specifications.

Every Friday after dark a big red gondola ferried members of the club from London to Medmenham. Upon landing they put on long white hooded robes and marched in procession to the abbey, each holding in his hand a lighted candle, to the mournful tolling of a bell in the tower. The entrance was illuminated by lanterns concealed in the shrubbery. At one side stood a life-size statue of Harpocrates, the Greek-Roman god of silence, his finger

symbolically to his lips; at the other a nude statue of Angerona, voluptuous Roman goddess of pleasure. Between them stood Sir Francis in a white robe and red hood.

"What is the password?" he demanded.

"Do as you wish!" they chorused.

They proceeded into a spacious room, dimly lighted with tapers behind red glass. It was lavishly adorned with ancient pornographic Italian frescos and lined with richly upholstered couches. On the walls hung paintings of the most famous prostitutes of London, in niches stood statues of the more obscene Egyptian deities. Off the main room were innumerable private "cells," each furnished simply with a couch covered with green silk.

From an elaborately-engraved silver chalice Sir Francis poured brandy laced with brimstone into old-fashioned drinking horns, and each member solemnly quaffed a libation to the Prince of Darkness. Then, at the stroke of a gong, they entered the chapel.

It was draped entirely in black, with innumerable stained glass windows each depicting a human figure in an indecent pose. The ceiling was decorated with an enormous pornographic fresco in full colors. At one end was an altar of black Italian marble, lighted by black candles set in candlesticks of lewd design. A heavy, narcotic odor permeated the place; it was produced by burning incense and various exotic herbs. Draped over the altar was the body of a nude female.

Upon her body Sir Francis celebrated the traditional Black Mass, the congregation joining in filthy parodies of well-known hymns. As a climax each member stepped to the altar and sipped sacrificial wine proffered by the reclining female.

After this ceremony the congregation returned to the "Roman Room," where the women lined up before them. Each woman wore a long diaphenous robe, and a mask. Whatever else they took off, none of them ever removed the mask "so that no misunderstanding may arise from an unexpected meeting with one's legal husband or admirer."

Many of these females were professional prostitutes, recruited from the most fashionable bagnios of London. Some were "dollymops"—flower-girls, milliners, wives of small shopkeepers and workmen who did a little soliciting on the side to pick up pocket-money. Many of them were prominent society ladies who participated in the orgies just for fun. And not a few of them were the wives, sisters and even the

mothers of members of the club!

According to one contemporary writer: "They attempt all females of their own species promiscuously, mothers and grandmothers as well as their own daughters. Even their sisters fear their violence." Sir Francis had three half-sisters, and they attended the masked rites. The same writer alleges that their mother, Lady Mary Dashwood, occasionally appeared there and that Sir Francis enjoyed picking his step-mother out of the lineup!

Once paired off, each member and his lady retired to the couches of the "Roman Room" where they put on sex exhibitions. More bashful couples retired to the cells for privacy. Or in pleasant weather they would wander out to the "Garden of Lust" surrounding the abbey where they could cavort on beds of moss or stone benches covered with cushions.

Members of the club were extremely proud of their potency. The secretary kept score of each man's record for the evening, and often—with the aid of the powerful aphrodisiacs he dispensed—it was prodigious.

They were also justly proud of their "amoristic acrobatics." At one end of the room stood a lewdly carved, polished wooden lectern. On it rested a richly illustrated copy of the *Kama Sutra*, the ancient Hindu compendium of sex lore which lists 360 different positions of sexual intercourse. Members at one time or another tried them all, including many that would have defied a professional contortionist.

The drunken revels lasted all night and well into the next day, when the participants staggered down to the landing and embarked on the red gondola for the return trip to London.

Who were the members of this fantastic club?

One was John Contague, Earl of Sandwich. He was the most notorious rake of the day, described by one critic "as lecherous as a goat." He liked young girls. "The corruption of innocence is, in itself, my goal," he boasted. For many years, as First Lord of the Admiralty, he controlled the powerful British fleet.

Another was John Stuart, Earl of Bute. A boon companion of the doltish Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales, he also made himself lover of the latter's wife, the Princess Augusta. He inducted the Prince into the mysteries of the Hell-Fire Club. Frederick died in 1751, but his son became George III. Through his influence with the Princess, Bute became Prime Minister of England. He was the most hated official in British history, probably more responsible than any other for the American Revolution.

Then there was George Bubb-

Doddington, Lord Melcombe. For a time Lord of the Treasury, he was better known as the richest, fattest and most dissipated man in the country.

"I poison all my friends' morals" boasted another member, Thomas Potter. Son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he is said to have squandered nearly a million dollars on drink and women. He was fascinated with death, enjoyed sexual relations with women in cemeteries, was accusing of necrophilia (sex relations with corpses). For a time he held an appointment as Vice Treasurer for Ireland.

George Selwyn's chief interest was attending executions. "He loved nothing upon earth as well as a criminal, except the execution of him," it is recorded. A noted wit and Member of Parliament, on several occasions he travelled as far as Paris to witness an execution. Once, when he arrived too late for a good seat (the condemned was to be broken on the wheel and torn limb from limb by horses) the executioner recognized him and shouted: "Make room for this gentleman, friends. He's a famous English amateur!"

Perhaps the most prominent member of the Hell-Fire Club was John Wilkes, the great English reformer and Lord Mayor of England. In Parliament he pleaded the cause of the American colonists (Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is named in his honor). He also composed some of the club's most obscene songs. "His life has been stained by every vice, his conversation is full of blasphemy and indecency," wrote the historian Gibbon. A great wit, Wilkes conceived a practical joke that led to his expulsion from the club.

One night, during the celebration of the Black Mass, Wilkes smuggled a baboon dressed in a devil's suit into the chapel at Medmenham. At the height of the ceremony he turned the simian loose. It promptly leaped on the altar, in the dim light appearing to the drunken celebrants as the very apparition of the Devil. Scared half to death, members fled in every direction. With another leap the animal landed on Lord Sandwich and clung to him, turning that unhappy man into a gibbering idiot. Finally it escaped through an open window.

When calm was restored, and Wilkes' joke exposed, indignant members expelled him for "insulting the dignity of the club."

William Hogarth, the famous English painter, was a member of the club and did several of his etchings there, including one of Sir Francis in monkish garb celebrating the Black Mass. Laurence Sterne, the great novelist and Charles Churchill, regarded by contemporaries as one of England's greatest poets, were

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also members. Churchill, incidentally, was an ordained minister—and unordained lecher.

When Benjamin Franklin came to London as representative of the American colonists he visited Sir Francis, at that time Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was inducted into the secrets of the Club.

For nearly a quarter of a century these and other prominent Englishmen of the period frolicked at meetings until it became an open scandal. After a Parliamentary inquiry the

club dissolved.

However by this time Sir Francis and most of the original members were dead. They died of disease, debauchery, madness and in duels, leaving behind them only the ruins of the abbey at Medmenham and the records of the most dissolute and depraved secret society in the history of England.



MEN ARE POLYGAMOUS

(Continued from page 33)

whole-hog, but you always need a little—organization.

The elevator dropped him twelve stories, the desk clerk nodded obsequiously, the gold-braided doorman touched his cap and whistled for a taxi. Larry leaned back and puffed a filter-tip, immensely satisfied with the sweep of green-crowned trees in Central Park and the row of ancient horse-and-carriages tended by crusty top-hatted drivers. A line of verse kept running through his mind. He had read it in one of Margo's books. How did it go exactly? Oh, yes: "Higgamous, hoggamous, girls are monogamous; hoggamous, higgamous, men are polygamous."

"You sure got something there all right, Mack," the cab driver grunted. "Give a dame one guy she's happy. But a guy is different. Only try telling that to your old lady, huh?"

Larry grinned. "All you need is a little organization. Scientific know-how."

At Idlewild he whistled a gay tune while flashing his ticket to the kewpie-doll hostess. The lights flashed over the cockpit cabin, no smoking, fasten your safety belts. He buried himself in the contents of his attache case—contracts, inventories, distributor lists, technical surveys, high-pressure research reports and low-pressure sales copy. A lilting Dixie voice broke in: "Would you care for gum, sir?"

A veteran of the airways, Larry sensed at once that the kewpie-doll's fetching smile meant a bit more than chewing gum to offset the eardrum pressure. "Anything besides gum?" he asked matter-of-factly.

Her eye wriggled against his steady gaze like a fly on flypaper. "Coffee a bit later," she said.

"Okay," he said, "how about one p.m.?"

"But we're due to arrive at International Airport in L.A. at 11:50," she said warmly.

"Tell me that you don't live in New York?" he said.

"Oh, but I do," she said and her eyes said 'later.'

She passed to the rear, offering sticks of gum from the cardboard

container. Larry shrugged. He stared through the porthole window at the miniature fireworks sparking beneath the cowled engine. Well, dammit, you can't have everything. If she lives in New York, then that's that. The primary rule for scientific organization of the sex life is never under any circumstances to play in one's own backyard.

So be it. When the hostess returned he managed to look very, very married. Larry read deep into his sales material. The many-splendored map of America unreeled through his porthole window. The kewpie-doll hostess kewpied her plantation drawl at a more receptive gentleman.

California. The light flashed again, fasten belts, no smoking, the wheels of the big Boeing bumped once along the runway, then settled, slowed; the lights flashed off. Larry released his safety belt, cast one that's-the-way-the-cookie-crumbles glance at the kewpie-doll and descended from the plane into the twelve o'clock sunshine.

"Hilldale Avenue, off Wilshire," he told the cab driver, "first house past the Post Office."

First you saw the lawn and then you saw the jasmine bush and then between the jasmine and a stunted Chinaberry tree you saw the girl stretched across an air mattress on the grass. Two long, smooth brown legs with enameled toenails curled up at the ultra violet. Two hips bound by a fragile leaf-size bikini. And two magnificent pieces of Mother Nature's equipment overflowing a narrow red bandana-bra.

Larry paid the cab. The red bandanna stretched to bursting as the girl breathed deeply in her sleep. Larry knelt beside her. "You'll get sun poisoning," he whispered. Her arm hung over the mattress and her fingers clenched and unclenched. Dreaming. Larry kissed the tender spot beneath her cheekbone. She stirred.

"Larry," she murmured, pulling his face down, "mmm, I got your telegram."

She held him hard and hungrily.

"Tennyson anyone?" he said softly. She looked eager. "Soon as I got your telegram I went right out and bought all new golf balls, a new bathing suit, and had my tennis racket restrung."

He looked down at her bulging red bandana-bra. "One thing you don't need, baby, is restringing."

Los Angeles proved fruitful. Larry totaled a thousand dollars in sales commissions for MBM electronic machines. Golf, swimming and tennis with a lovely partner toned his muscles and deepened his tan. When he left for the airport, the girl on Hilldale Avenue said: "I sure need restringing now."

He flew to San Francisco. At midnight his cab climbed a steep hill to a nest of apartments looking out toward the Golden Gate lights. He fished a doorkey from his pocket. Once it had taken him half a day to find a lock in Frisco that would fit his New York doorkey. Elementary organization, my dear Watson.

Clouds of cigarette smoke hung in the darkened living room. Larry smelled marijuana. Eight male and female bodies and parts of others lay crumpled along the wall and on the rug. A girl with her legs bare to the knees and a bongo drum hugged between them tapped out slow rhythms. Someone passed her a matchstick-thin twisted cigarette. She sucked at it and held the smoke in her lungs while passing the marijuana to a spade-bearded character with a lute. The beard plucked a few strings at random, inhaled the marijuana, then gasped the smoke out. Larry picked his way through the bodies.

"Hey, man," the beard said, holding out the thin twisted cigarette, "have a puff on this joint, have yourself some happiness."

Larry smiled no thanks and straddled another body on his way to the kitchen. "Like, man," the beard called after him, "how you gonna make the scene 'less you fly high way up in the alphabet soup?"

Larry stood in the kitchen doorway. A chalk-faced boy with huge eyes and ears like pendulous blobs of red wax skinned past him and into the murky living room. Then a voice from the kitchen, a fuzzy voice, shouted: "Larry! Lover!"

She sat with one arm stretched along the kitchen table. She wore tight faded dungarees and a man's white shirt. No makeup. Face classically New England. Straight hair, pale skin, cheeks as white and smooth as the breasts that showed through the unbuttoned shirt. She had that faintly anemic look of Bryn Mawr and D.A.R. horsebreeders.

Her voice came out in exclamation marks but her body remained motionless: "Your telegram was wild! You surprise me!"

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"What did I write?" Larry said. "Be there Tuesday night" the telegram said. Now I don't know one single cat who could think up something with such poetic simplicity! I mean like it read like a Japanese haiku!"

Larry laughed. "Lea, if I had a garden I'd plant that sarcastic little mind of yours in it and feed you so much fertilizer that you'd grow and grow until you just floated off into outer space."

She wrinkled up her dark unplucked eyebrows. "That's me, lovable Lea."

"Now tell me," Larry said, "Who was the boy poet with the big red ears who just walked past me?"

She said nothing. His hands slipped into her armpits and drew her body up against him. She said: "Larry, you know the old saying, No tickee, no washee?" He kissed her ear. She shivered. "Sure," he said, "but I've got my key to the door and that's my tickee."

"Only one thing, Larry, don't bug me about the boy poet. I mean, like when you're in New York with your tickee, I still need a little washee now and then."

He kissed her lower lip, her upper lip, each earlobe, each eyelash, and finally a deep kiss melting her deep within. Her body unwound slowly the way he liked.

Several days later, while the fog crept on its notorious little catfeet all along the hollows and troughs of the Bay city, Larry Argan boarded flight 37 for Chicago. Somewhat richer in sales commissions. Somewhat the worse for wear.

Chicago. A prim Dresden china maid ushered Larry into the drawing room. Please be seated. New girl, he mused. She disappeared. With complete familiarity, he went straight to a large mahogany bookcase and pulled it from the wall. It swung out revealing a well-stocked bar. He poured a gin-and-tonic and stood near the long blue-tinted glass window. Down below traffic cluttered the boulevard from the old Gold Coast to the Oak Street public bathing beach in the distance.

THE EXECUTIVE POSITION

(Continued from page 60)

"After all," his wife interjected, "no matter what the pressures are, a man has no right to act obscene."

"I'm sorry you felt that way," Arthur Whitehall answered. "Particularly since it's my house."

There was an awkward pause.

It was at this point that Stan and Anita entered. "Hi, gang," Stan said. His voice was carefree and friendly.

There were strained hellos in return. "I'm afraid you embarrassed some of the ladies before, Stan," Arthur Whitehall said levelly.

"Did I?" Stan was polite, but un-

"Madam wishes you to join her," the maid said upon re-entering the room. "Where?" Larry asked. The maid stuttered. Larry handed his glass to her. "Bedroom?" he said, enjoying her embarrassment. "Her study?" He smiled mischievously: "Bathroom!" The maid froze. "I know the way," Larry said.

Down the corridor, then right, then left. He stepped into billows of steam and quickly closed the door behind. He tugged off his jacket and tie. "Moira, where are you? This is like a damned steam bath."

"Here, darling!"

He moved through the steam clouds and came upon a sunken bathtub large enough for six or seven bodies. Heaps of pink soap bubbles floated on the surface of the water. Moira floated among the soap bubbles with her face upside down to Larry's. "Miss me?" she said.

"Hell, no," he said.

"I've decided that you are too old a man for me, darling," she said. "After all, I'm not even forty-five and you're already dabbling your toe in thirty-six."

"For a woman who runs the largest ad agency in Chicago," he said, "you have a marvelous sense of chronology. By the way, I've decided that you must always hire virgins for maids. I love to torment your innocent little servants."

She laughed. "Come and scrub my shoulder blade, darling, or whatever it is that old men like you like to scrub."

He found the back brush and stood over her. The tops of her breasts — marvelously firm breasts for a woman her age—peeked up between tiny mountains of bubbles.

"My, grandma," Larry said, "what big—eyes you have."

"The better to beat you with," she shot back. "You know where to hang your clothes, darling, why not come join me?"

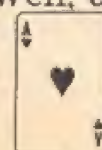
Larry joined. And Chicago proved a bountiful harvest not only for the computer sales of MBM but also for retailers in bath salts.

"Come back soon!" Moira called out over the roar of turbo-jets.

concerned. "I am sorry. Gloria, Doris, Mrs. Whitehall, my apologies."

"Oh, you didn't embarrass me," Mrs. Whitehall said. "The bow was inspired—and such aplomb."

Arthur Whitehall looked at his wife and silently agreed with her. After a moment he spoke. "Two qualities an ad veep needs," he said thoughtfully, "are inspiration and aplomb . . . Well, dig in folks."



Larry waved from the ramp. A strawberry blonde hostess accepted his flight ticket.

"Don't tell me," he said to the hostess, "I'll bet you live in New York."

"Why, no," she said, surprised but warming to him. "Home base for me is St. Louis."

Larry threw his coat on the rack and took down a pillow. He sank back. He whistled a few bars of music and sang to himself: Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde and the band played on. Nice town, St. Louis. Good territory for MBM. Higgamous, hoggamous, girls are monogamous; hoggamous, higgamous, men are polygamous.

The red and yellow cab threaded along 59th Street and braked to a halt opposite Central Park. The doorman threw a gold-braided salute, the bellhop hopped, the desk clerk showed his gums, the elevator hummed up to floor twelve.

"Larry?" Margo cried from the bedroom, "Larry!" and came flinging out into the reception room and into his arms.

He held her tight and high off the floor. She kicked off her slippers and smeared him with lipstick. "Margo," he said, "If I were a bell I'd be ringing."

"And if I were a gate I'd be swinging!"

He swung her in a circle and she screamed with pleasure. He pressed her against him. They both smiled like happy children. "Miss me?" he said.

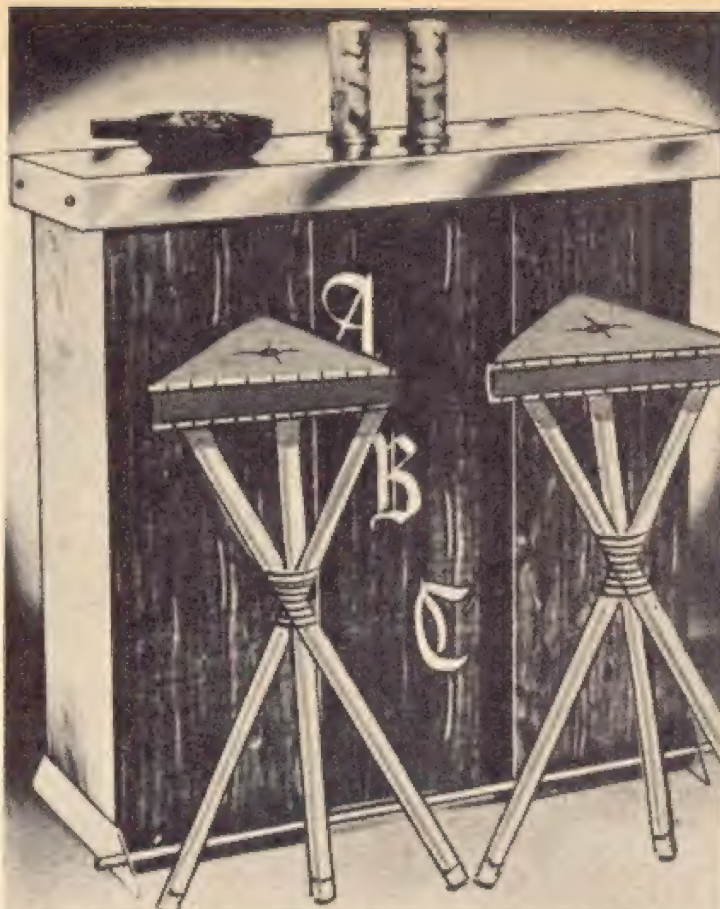
"No," she said.

He kissed her again. "That's because we've got true unselfish love." He patted her behind.

"Oh, Larry, I forgot," she said, breaking away but still holding his hand. "Just one sec, please? I left someone hanging on the phone. A perfect bore but I've got to just make a quick goodbye."

She dashed along the rug and into the bedroom. Larry looked at her slippers. "Home is where the wife is," he said and went about the production of two devastating martinis. Then he looked at the extension phone near the bar. He had forgotten. He hesitated. He unhooked the phone and listened.

"No, Fred, I'm sorry. No. It's over, finis. I warned you. I told you never to call me at my home. Since you can't accept waiting for me to phone you, then . . . precisely. Of course I love my husband. Yes, it is a topsyturvy world. Just remember what Dorothy Parker said: 'Higgamous, hoggamous, men are monogamous; hoggamous, higgamous, girls are polygamous.'"



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A FRIEND INDEED

(Continued from page 21)

we started out by talking about the account like we always did, but pretty soon the conversation got around to why the hell we were so worried about the well-being and happiness of a brewery.

"The trouble is," Eddie decided, 'is that we're so damned fouled up in trying to sell beer, that we forget the real purpose of our being. You and I weren't put here just to hustle suds to the mob, there's got to be more to life than that. Yet we spend every waking hour working for and thinking about what will make people guzzle more of our product.'

"I had to agree with him. There was no doubt in my mind that he was perfectly right. 'But this is it, Eddie,' I had to protest, 'We're in it and there's no way out. I've got a family that's used to roast beef and station wagons and wants more of it. On the other hand, you're a free agent, you can leave it and nobody's going to go hungry but you.'

"Don't think it doesn't run through my mind, but plenty. I mean like forgetting this whole, rotten game and just taking off. It's just not as easy as it sounds. But maybe one day I'll get up and, instead of coming downtown, I'll take a cab out to Idlewild and get on the next plane to the Caribbean. Then, when I get there I'll sit down on a beach and write a novel.'

"I had to admit it sounded beautiful and I would have loved to see him do it because he was such a great guy. But I merely laughed it off. 'In case you don't make it this week,' I kidded, 'why don't you just come on up to Connecticut and spend the weekend at my place? We can get drunk on Saturday and Sunday, and turn in some great ideas on Monday. Those are our brewer's favorite kinds of ads . . . the ones we do while under the influence. Make it?'

"Make it," Eddie replied.

"When I told my wife, Carrie, that Eddie would be out for the weekend, she didn't mind at all and the kids got all hopped up because Uncle Eddie was coming to see them again. At one time Carrie would get annoyed whenever I'd bring anyone out to the house for a whole weekend. It upset the routine too much, and Carrie loved routine. But once she got to know Eddie, she didn't mind his coming out at all, even as regularly as he did. He's such a sweet guy, you just had to like him, and the kids would flip just on hearing his name.

"Over the next few days, before the weekend, Eddie and I talked about what we would do if we could

ever get off Madison Avenue. We talked Japan, Europe, Virgin Islands, California, all over. We figured ways of staying in pocket money without getting into another rat race. They were marvelous day dreams and just thinking about it was a wonderful way to spend my evenings. I was sold, if only there was a way. You guys wouldn't understand, because you've been bumming all of your lives, but picture a man with a beautiful, dependent wife; two beautiful, dependent children (a boy and a girl); a house (with some mortgage left); standing in the community, and a bunch of nice friends, who just don't happen to understand your kind of thinking.

"Anyhow, Eddie came out bright and early on Saturday morning. Carrie took him up to get him settled in his room, and I got busy on a big pitcher of dry martinis. A little later, he came back downstairs and we finished the pitcher, talking about how we used to love beer in college, but how much we hated it now. And then while I fixed another pitcher, Eddie got us on the big subject of life and eternal truths.

"You know," he said, 'With all of your talk about obligations to your family and society, you miss the whole point. Number one has to be your own personal happiness. If you are happiest, as most people are, in doing things for your family and being obligated and entangled in a thousand different ways, then that's the way you should live. But if you have to throw these things off to be happy, then that is what you have to do, no matter what the consequences are to others or no matter what others think. Personal happiness, that's the long term goal that each man has to set for himself. For you and me, that means a life of complete independence.'

"I was getting high in more ways than one by then. Carrie came in and asked if there was anything we wanted from the supermarket. She was going shopping and taking the kids. I told her to get more olives.

"Then we started making specific plans. I would go first, leaving all of my money in the bank, which had grown a considerable amount. On Monday morning, Carrie would drive me to the train like she did every morning when I was going to work. I would treat it like a normal day. It was easier that way. Besides, Eddie would explain the deal to her that night so she wouldn't worry when I didn't come home. Eddie, great guy that he is, promised that he would stick around awhile before taking off himself to see that everything went okay with Carrie

and the kids. He also promised to take care of things for me over at the agency because I even felt obligated to the brewer and to Wilkins and Warren.

"The whole thing went off as slick as I could have wanted. I left the house with eighty dollars in my pocket, went into the city, and took the first bus to Florida. No shakes, no regrets, nothing but satisfaction and, finally, real, personal happiness.

"I got a job in a lemon grove, picking, for a while. I wasn't used to physical work and it was pretty tough for me, but pretty soon I got the hang of it and I felt better than ever. But one night after work, I was lying on my back reading a *New York Times* that was a week old and that had been out in the rain when bang . . . There was old Eddie's picture right in the middle of the business pages, looking like a robber baron of old! The caption explained that Wilkins and Warren had made him an account exec for the brewer to fill my vacancy. Poor guy.

"I had a couple of bucks in my pocket, so I hitched a ride into town and sent him a telegram, telling him how sorry I was that I got him into a mess like that. I hoped it wouldn't interfere with his plans to get away. A few days later I got a special delivery letter from him, telling me to sit tight for a couple of weeks because by then he would be able to get everything all tied up into a neat package, so that he could make more specific plans to leave. But I should make sure to stay right where I was until he contacted me again.

"About ten days later, I got a thick envelope from a lawyer with lots of papers for me to sign. The accompanying letter explained that Carrie was suing me for divorce on grounds of desertion, no alimony asked. I figured that this was only making actualities legal, so I signed and returned the papers on the same day and that was that.

"The lemon season was just about over and I was thinking about moving on when I got another letter, this time from Eddie. He said that he had been spending quite a lot of time with my family and decided that they needed a husband and father. Therefore, he was going to make the ultimate sacrifice and place their needs and my peace of mind over his own personal happiness. After all, what are friends for? He was going to become Carrie's husband and my children's father and they were all going to go on living in the house in Connecticut. He told me not to worry about his having to carry my load, and that anytime I might pass through Connecticut they would be only too happy to have me come and spend a few hours with them.

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should do this for me. I also asked
him to recollect our conversation at
the house in Connecticut to the ef-
fect that we should consider our
own happiness above all else, no
matter what. Well, about an hour
before that conversation, I now wrote
him, I happened to pass the room
where Carrie was helping to get him
settled. The door was slightly ajar
and I couldn't help glancing in and

seeing what I did see. Right then
and there, I knew that all of my
obligations would be taken care of
and that I was free to leave.

"So that's it, gentlemen. Now if
there's any of that red wine left, I'd
like to propose a toast to the best
friend a guy ever had . . . Eddie
Castle. Poor Eddie."



DECLINE OF TRAVELING SALESMEN

(Continued from page 16)

trip. Next time you're in that town,
you play her again, but you exert
more pressure. According to the law
of averages, you ought to hit the
bullseye on your third trip. I never
gave any broad more than four
chances to make good. I learned this
by a bitter experience.

"I remember a lovely little red-
headed manicurist I ran into in
South Bend, Ind. some time ago. I
got my nails manicured more in a
week than I was accustomed to in a
year, giving her my patented long-
range treatment, but was getting no-
where in a hurry.

"I always thought I had a pretty
smooth line, but this kid made me
feel like a circus barker. Whenever
I'd get a little personal, she'd give
me the baby stare and react as if
I were speaking pure Senegalese. I
made four trips to South Bend be-
fore I even got to the point of sug-
gesting that she and I ought to cud-
dle up somewhere. She went into a
heavy intellectual act.

"Some day," she sighed, 'I hope to
find real romance, but the man must
be a person of extraordinary sensi-
tivity and refinement. A poet per-
haps, or an artist. I want to be loved
for the purity of my soul, not for the
gross enchantment of my body. I
want to listen to the strains of
heavenly music, listen to immortal
words by the great poets...'

"Well, this all listened pretty good,
and she was so magnificently put to-
gether that I could only gaze at her
and believe all of it. I was going nuts
thinking up ways to bring this baby
down to earth. But whenever I'd try
to get down to cases, she'd beat me
over the head with the arty bit.

"I guess I must have played Mari-
lyn the Manicurist, for five or six
straight trips to South Bend, but
never could I make a score. After
my last rebuff, I recall, I was on a
train heading East, when I struck
up a conversation with a salesman
for a men's clothing firm. One word
led to another and when we com-
pared notes on the South Bend
dames, I mentioned my manicuring
friend.

"You mean Marilyn?" he asked. 'I
know her well. A terrific gal. She

and I had a helluva party the very
first night I ran into her.'

"You did?" I gasped, 'how did you
ever swing it?'

"Easiest thing in the world,' the
guy said. 'She handed me a line
about romance and great music and
poetry and I listened a while, then
I flashed a \$20 bill on her. Five min-
utes later we were in a hotel room!'

"It all goes to show," the ladies'
wear salesman concluded, "that even
a traveling salesman can occasion-
ally be fooled by a girl."

What certain talent did the Trav-
eling Salesman have that gave him
such a big edge when it came to
making new women friends when
visiting a strange town?

"Well, you have to remember
this," a veteran Knight of the Road
explains. "A salesman's job is sell-
ing. He sells his ladies' or men's
wear, his hardware or whatever line
he is handling, but more than these,
he is selling himself. If he can't
make people like him, he's in the
wrong business. So it's perfectly
natural for a salesman to try to sell
himself to every attractive woman
he comes across."

There have been salesmen who
made some sort of play for every
passable-looking woman who cross-
ed his path. One such character was
famous in the midwest for always
trying to "perfect his technique," as
he termed it, by handing out a ter-
rific line to even the most unattrac-
tive females.

Besides the glibness of his tongue
and his powerful personality, the
salesman had other assets going for
him. He was an impeccable dresser.
He was moderately intelligent and,
having plenty of time on his hands,
read newspapers and magazines con-
stantly, so that he was generally
well informed and able to discuss
any subject with some degree of
confidence.

Another thing the women liked
was his well-developed sense of dis-
cretion. The salesman knew the im-
portance of not talking too much;
he usually could hold his liquor and
his tongue.

A salesman of electric appliances
once approached a prim, but well

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put-together young woman in a restaurant and was rather surprised to find that she was most cordial to his advances. When he propositioned her on going out to a nightclub, she surprised him by suggesting, instead, that he come to her home with her to meet her sister.

She brought him to a beautifully furnished apartment and he met the sister, who turned out to be a bit on the prudish-looking side, too. But, when it was revealed that he was a stranger in town and a traveling salesman, sister's attitude changed considerably.

The reason for their unusual behavior, he discovered, was simple. One was a school teacher and the other held a responsible job in the city administration. It was important for them to look and act "properly" so as not to get a bad reputation in the town. But, reasonably enough, both loved men, liquor and parties. To be discreet, they only carried on with out-of-towners and the traveling salesman was an ideal subject for them.

What gave rise to all the weird stories about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter?

"It was probably true in the old, old days," the ladies' wear man says, "that a salesman would get stuck now and then in a tiny town. But most of the big city boys visited only towns of 30,000 or 40,000 population and always put up at a hotel."

What probably gave rise to all the tales of the farmer's daughter, he believes, was the direct, or door-to-door salesman. The direct order salesman, usually selling an item like books, or brushes, or cosmetics, consistently played the really rural areas. It was quite likely that they should get lost overnight in a farm area.

A new switch on the old gag was recently reported by a salesman at a convention. An encyclopedia peddler says he was in a truly rural section of Wisconsin and, just as the fictional tradition has it, found himself with a flat tire on a high road as evening fell.

Seeing lights nearby, he walked to a farmhouse and found it an un-

usually beautiful, sumptuous one. It was a fine, modern building, with well-manicured lawns and gardens, the latest of electrical gadgets and a swimming pool in the rear.

The salesman approached, sounded the front door chimes and was courteously received by a farmer. When he explained his predicament the farmer said he'd be glad to accommodate him overnight, but that he couldn't help him with the tire till the next morning, when the hired hand would be in.

Through the evening meal he fancied the brunette was looking at him with an inviting eye, but he was unwilling to make a play before her family. After a quiet hour or two of watching TV, he retired to his room.

He had been in bed only a short time when there was a gentle knock on the door. Hopefully he opened it and there stood the farmer's daughter, wearing a pink nightie. She held her fingers to her lips and stole silently into the room. They passed a pleasant night that ended only with the dawn, when she slipped away.

Next morning, after a delightful breakfast, the hired man replaced the flat tire. Reluctantly the salesman arranged to return to the world of business. He asked for a bill. The farmer figured for a moment, then handed him a slip of paper. It read:

"Supper, 90c, lodging, \$3.00, breakfast, 75c, fixing tire, \$1, entertainment, \$50. Total \$55.65."

The flabbergasted salesman was about to protest, but a menacing look in the eye of the country slicker, as well as the way the hired man handled the tire iron, dissuaded him.

As he reached for his wallet, he worked up enough nerve to remark: "A little unusual, isn't it, charging \$50 for entertainment away out here on a farm?"

"Farm Hell," the hayseed snapped. "You don't think I could keep up a place like this just raising alfalfa, do you?"



A SHIPBOARD AFFAIR

(Continued from page 9)

forbidden favors came high. But what the hell; even if his poker winnings fell off, he could always wire back for a little capital.

"And Mister Deschamps?" he asked.

The steward opened one hand to expose a stateroom key. "He suns himself from one o'clock until two; a creature of habit."

Brad thought of moulded white shorts and an overflowing Bikini, of weeks of boredom stretching from Southampton to Bordeaux to Naples.

He thumbed through a sheaf of bills and passed them quickly to the steward. They disappeared under the folded towel, and Brad held a key in his hand.

"Remember," the man said, "One o'clock until two, only. Otherwise, it may be embarrassing."

"Time enough," Brad said.

The preceding hours were tough ones, long and creeping. Brad balanced on the bar stool, watching cheery couples sally forth with suntan lotions to bake themselves.

Among them would be the unsuspecting Mister Deschamps—pot-bellied, no doubt, and counting money in his dreams. Well, Brad Mildon had dreams of his own.

At exactly one p.m., he sauntered casually down the corridor to Cabin A-6. Looking up and down the hallway, he slid his key into the door.

She sat upon the bed, ebony hair curling daintily at her earlobes, translucent gown about a full body.

She was big in all the right places, and trim in the correct spots, too. The robe drifted open across the dusky sweep of her ivory thighs.

Yvonne murmured against his mouth, her lips soft and searching—saying things about an aging husband and a desperate need...

Later, Brad dressed while she peered into the corridor, and he left when she motioned urgently to him that all was clear. But not before he kissed her again; not before she breathed softly: "Tomorrow."

Naturally, he lost money in the game that night. Still in a scented daze, Brad tried to fill inside straights and bucked two pairs against one-card draws. He thought of her...

He spared a fleeting thought for the unknown Mister Deschamps, the old idiot who left the tremulous warmth of Yvonne for the heat of a far sun. Any clown who'd rather fondle money than a woman like that—

Next day he came away with the taste of her in his mouth, the remembrance of satin hips and legs.

After that, he didn't see her at meals. She didn't float in the pool any more, didn't appear for the dances in the lounge. Brad frowned, wondering if the vague husband had somehow gotten wind of the escapade.

She said he hadn't, and that was all. Yvonne didn't waste time talking. Her vocabulary seemed limited to soft sighs and endearing gasps, to little explosions of ecstasy at intimate moments. No woman, Brad decided, needed more words than that.

The other American dropped out of the poker sessions, muttering about a nagging wife, and the stakes climbed slowly upward as the ship leisurely neared Southampton. Brad's large banknotes changed themselves into smaller ones and faded away.

There were still books of Travelers Checks, but he began to pay more attention to the cards and his opponents, and less to dreaming about the daily bouts with the amorous Madame Deschamps.

Brad played his cards tighter, and noticed that the others did the same. He couldn't help fretting some about Mister Deschamps. It was understandable, because he still didn't know which of the passengers was Yvonne's husband—and didn't want to ask.

It might be a man like René there. But René wasn't old, didn't have a suntan, and bet like poker was going out of style. René was also using Travelers Checks.

Georges, the other Frenchman, had a slick professional look, and handled his cards that way. Nothing crooked, Brad knew—just a sharp, businesslike approach to the game.

The remaining man was the Britisher, signing chits for his bets.

Brad's eyes wandered, stopping at one male passenger after another. Any of them might be the legal spouse of the luscious Yvonne.

He pulled his attention back to the game, lifted the corner of his hole card—ace of clubs. It went well with the other black ace up. Brad said something about bait, and made a small bet. The Englishman dropped out; the two Frenchmen stayed.

Brad caught a six of diamonds; René paired a jack; Georges had two hearts showing. René bet; Georges called; Brad raised. More cards and no help for anybody — except Georges drew another heart.

The next boost drove René out, when Georges raised on his possible flush. Last cards: third ace for Brad, another heart for Georges.

Brad felt in his pockets after shoving his last book of checks into the pot. He knew how his partner in Florida Acres would react to a wire. The money would come, but so would a series of cablegrams about riotous living and mending his ways.

His fingers closed on a bit of metal. The key; it had cost him enough, and Madame Deschamps was booked all the way to Naples. For a moment, he thought of Yvonne.

Brad put his hand on the table, opened his fist. "This is a key to a certain stateroom, where a certain married lady waits for a lover. Admittedly, it's usable only when the husband is absent—only one hour each day. But what an hour."

There was a pause, a small pool of silence. The Britisher glanced at his fingernails. René coughed and looked away. Georges stared...

"Well?" Brad said.

"Your hour," Georges asked, "from one until two?"

Brad's eyes widened. "How—how did you know?"

The gambler reached slowly into his pocket. "Friend Brad, your IOU is perfectly acceptable to me. But I will call your bet in kind."

Brad stared at the identical key the man placed atop his own. He stared harder at four others. Each of them was stamped: A-6.

"And I raise you four," Georges said. "There is no husband, m'sieu. The lady has no time for one."



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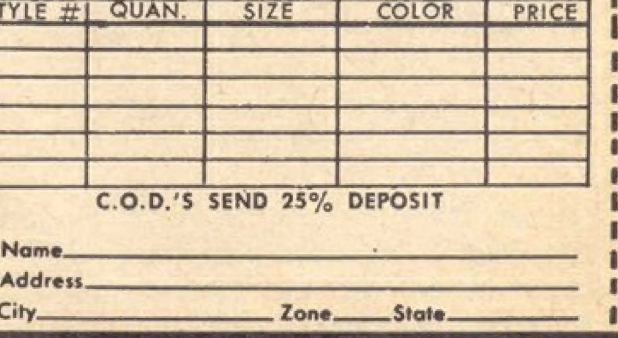
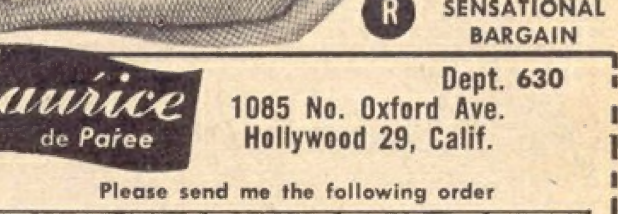
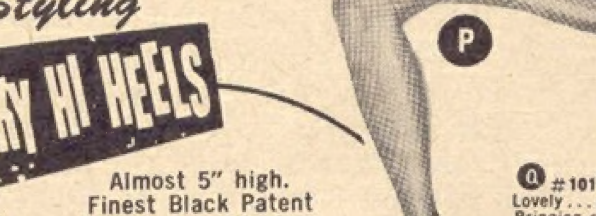
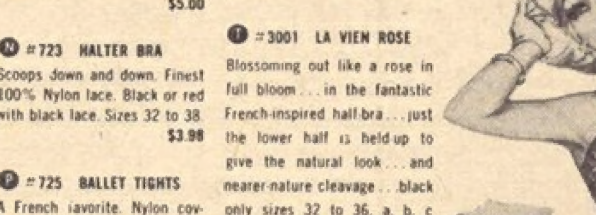
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What's in a Name?

See p. 26

